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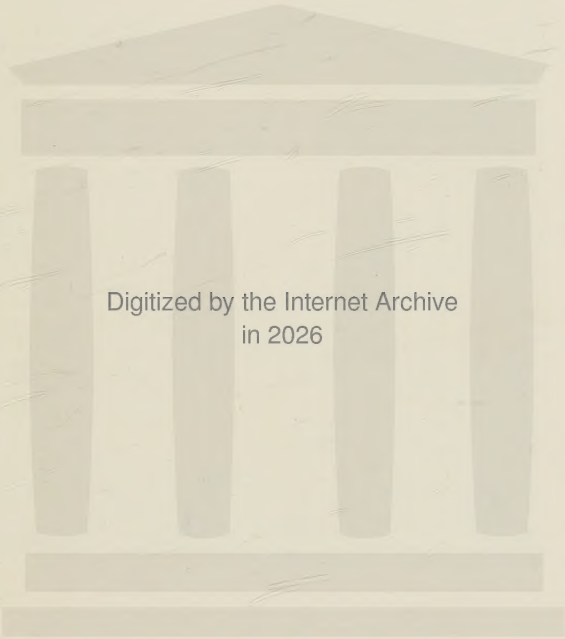
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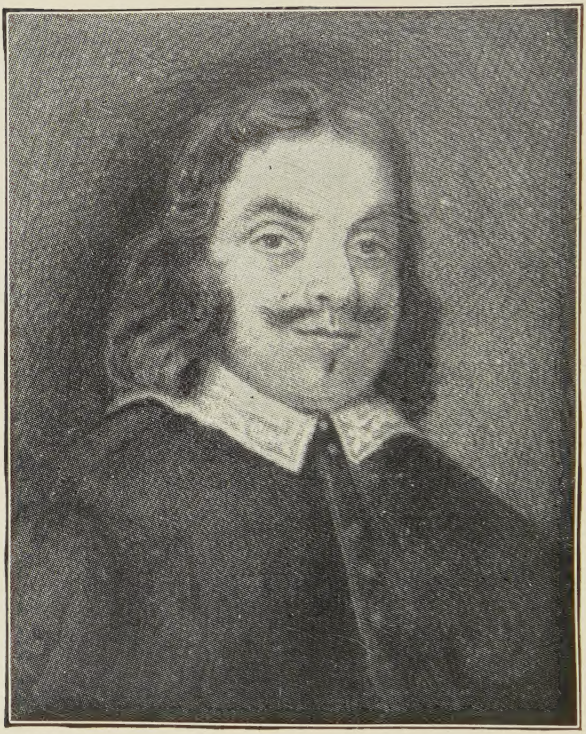

J. Bunyan

JOHN BUNYAN

The Immortal Dreamer

By

W. BURGESS McCREARY

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"The man's a dreamer!" Good! That places him
In close relationship with God. For down
In the most wretched quarter of town
God stands and dreams His dream; amid the grim,
Ensanguined battle wreckage; in the dim,
Cold twilights where old superstitions frown."

INTRODUCTION

John Bunyan was a dreamer. But he was more than a dreamer. He was a general in the Lord's army, and he led the forces of King Emmanuel forth to certain victory against Apollyon and his legions of the imps of darkness.

If our young people will dream like Bunyan and serve like Bunyan they will certainly reach the Celestial City and have the satisfaction of greeting multitudes of their fellow-men who have followed in their train.

THE AUTHOR

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JOHN BUNYAN

CHAPTER I

BORN A TINKER

"Oh, it's only Tinker Tom."

So must the sturdy yeoman of the quaint little village of Elstow, England, often have expressed themselves as they saw the father of John Bunyan pass along the roadside. There he would come, returning from his day's work of mending the pots and pans of the good housewives of the Midland counties.

Tinkers were looked down upon.

Wandering tinkers *were* usually tramps, but Thomas was a good, hard-working, honest laboring man with a settled trade. He could trace his family back a good many generations. Thomas himself was born in the days of the good Queen Elizabeth and was baptized February 24, 1603, just a month before that great Queen passed away. He could point with pride to the days of King John, when one William Bunion owned land at Wilstead, not more than a mile from Elstow. The family was wealthy and well thought of then.

One day in the latter part of the year 1628, probably about November 28, a baby boy opened his eyes to the light of day for the first time in the humble cottage of Thomas and Margaret Bunyan's that stood between two long brooks in the fields of Harrowden near Elstow. Certainly the peaceful little hamlet did not realize, nor did the world have any way of knowing, that there was born that day one whose pen would give to the generations yet unborn a simple story of the upward way unparalelled outside of Holy Writ.

"John," his parents christened him—just plain "John." And according to custom John was born a tinker. The tinkers formed a sort of caste, or distinct part of society, and this "caste" was sort of a hereditary thing. In fact, most boys born in those days just naturally followed the occupation of their fathers when they grew up. They were supposed to.

In after years John Bunyan wrote, "I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, or of any high-born state, according to the flesh, tho, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly Majesty, for that by this door he brought me into this world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel." Like his Lord, he could boast of humble birth.

When John became old enough his parents sent him to school, perhaps to the Bedford Grammar School, just a few miles away, where a worthless sort of fellow by the name of William Barnes cruelly mistreated the little urchins that came to con over their "readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic." John did not learn much there and soon was kept at home to help his father.

Having to go to work so early, little John was thrown into company with an evil crowd of people, and he learned some things that were not good for him. He did not become nearly so wicked as most of the men around him, however, and would probably have been regarded as a pretty good moral sort of boy by his fellow-tinkers.

Early the Lord began to talk to him. When but nine or ten years old he says, "I be greatly afflicted and troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire; still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." Then he would wish there were no devil nor hell, or that he were the devil so that he would not have to be tormented.

When these times of conviction would come he would try to drown them out by plunging into reck-

less pleasure. He would seek to get as far away from religion as he could. He hated to see anyone read a religious book. He would try not to think about religion.

God kept talking to John, however. God had a work for him to do, and he, in his mercy, kept pleading with the boy. One time John fell in a creek near the sea and was almost drowned. Then again, he fell out of a boat into the Bedford River. These things made him think of eternity. In his recklessness he one day plucked the fangs from a live snake with his bare hands. He credits God with having mercifully preserved him in these times of grave danger.

Too, John kept tender toward God. When he was at the height of his recklessness he did not utterly forget God. Hearing a professor of religion swear made his heart ache. He stood in front of a neighbor's shop window one day, "cursing and swearing and playing the madman," as he says. The woman of the house, altho an ungodly creature herself, reproved him roundly for it. Bunyan later told someone he then and there stopped swearing, and added, "Now, I could, without it, speak better and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

Bunyan lived in stormy times. The King and

Parliament were at war. Religion had a great deal to do with it. Those were days when men actually went to war over religion and drenched fields with the blood of their fellow-men in the name of the "Prince of peace." Strange it is that men would so little understand what Christianity is. Bunyan was called to battle. We do not know which side he was on. At this time he was probably sixteen or seventeen. His mother and sister Margaret had died and his father had married again.

One incident of this military period Bunyan tells us about in his *Grace Abounding*. He says that lots fell on him to go to the siege of a city (tradition says the siege of Leicester). When he was just ready to go someone desired to go in his place and Bunyan gave his consent. While doing sentry duty at the siege his substitute was killed by a shot in the head from a musket. Wrote Bunyan, "Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness: wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation."

Perhaps many of the figures that Bunyan used in writing his *Holy War* were drawn from imagery taken from his experiences during the short time he was a soldier. Such characters as Greatheart,

Captain Boanerges, Captain Credence, etc., were probably portraits of originals in the army with which he served.

We are not told much about the early religious training of Bunyan, but in those days the Bible was a household book, and he also must have heard considerable of it expounded in the village church of Elstow. Stories of God's judgments circulated freely in the Midland counties. One was the story of "Old Tod." Old Tod came into Bedford town one day, appeared in court, and demanded justice upon himself as a thief. With the sweat rolling off him, he declared to the judge on the bench, "My Lord, I have been a thief from my childhood. I have been a thief ever since. There has not been a robbery committed these many years, within so many miles of this town, but I have been privy to it." The result of this confession was that both he and his wife were hanged—the penalty of thievery in those days. God's judgment, said the Bedford folk, forced him to accuse himself.

This story of "Old Tod," and witnessing what Bunyan described as cases of devil possession, had quite an influence on his young mind. They produced an effect it was hard for him to get away from, try as he might to do so.

One night he dreamed that he saw the heavens

on fire. There was a crackling and shivering of the firmament, a noise of mighty thunder. The archangel flew in the midst of heaven. A trumpet sounded. One bright as the morning star sat on a glorious throne in the east. Thinking the end of the world had come, Bunyan tumbled out of bed on his knees and prayed, "O Lord, have mercy on me! What shall I do? The Day of Judgment is come and I am not prepared."

Another night he dreamed that while he was rioting there came a terrible earthquake. Out of the earth shot bloody flames. Figures of men tossed up in globes of fire and fell down again amid horrible shrieks and cries commingled with the fiendish laughter of tormenting devils. While tremblingly beholding the scene, the earth gave way beneath him and the flames flared about him. When he had given up all hope One in shining garments reached down and plucked him out of the pit of hell, while the devils roared after him to see that he was put in the place of punishment which his sins deserved. When Bunyan awoke and found it was a dream he leaped for joy.

These dreams left lasting impressions upon Bunyan.

Chapter II

"A POOR, PAINTED HYPOCRITE"

No man could have written *Pilgrim's Progress* without having the experiences therein told. The reason it has gone home to the hearts of millions is because it came from the heart and life of its creator. John Bunyan gave us a glimpse into the secret chambers of his own soul when he gave us *Pilgrim's Progress.* The conflicts and the victories of Christian are the conflicts and the victories of Bunyan.

Before his conversion Bunyan had some mighty struggles in getting away from "The City of Destruction."

His great spiritual awakening, or perhaps we should call it a turning-point in his religious life, came when he married. We do not know whom he married nor exactly when he married, but it was probably a few years after his return to Elstow from the army. Bunyan says his wife's father was a godly man, and she constantly impressed her husband with that fact, telling him how holy her father was and how he reproved ungodliness both in his own house and among the neighbors.

Bunyan says when he and his wife married they did not have "so much household stuff as a dish

or spoon." But there were two legacies left by the father-in-law to Mrs. Bunyan that greatly influenced John Bunyan for the right. They were two books —*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practise of Piety*. Bunyan and his wife read these books together sometimes. Before that he had been reading rather light matter. He had said, "Give me a ballad, a news-book, *George on Horseback*, or *Bevis of Southampton;* give me some book that teaches curious arts, that tells of old fables."

So interested in religion did Bunyan become that he decided to start going to church. Twice a day on Sunday he and his wife would be seen going with the other worshipers. Bunyan would sing in church, but he made no profession. The services of the parish church seemed to have a profound effect on him. He admired and reverenced the forms of worship, which feelings afterward he ascribed to "the spirit of superstition." He greatly respected the clergy, even getting to the place where he said that no matter how bad the preachers were he might meet, he "could have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them." He says their name, their garb, and their work intoxicated and bewitched him.

At this time, when he was making an effort to reform outwardly, there came some peculiar ideas

into the head of John Bunyan. Reading in the Bible that the Israelites were God's chosen people, he thought if he could just prove he was a Jew all would be well. But his father said "no" when John asked him if they were of Israel. That was a big back-set to John.

Four things that Bunyan considered his chief sins were dancing, ringing the bells of the church, reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton, and playing tipcat. The latter is a game in which a small piece of wood pointed at both ends, called a "cat," is tipped, or struck lightly with a stick or bat, so as to fly into the air. While there it is struck by the same player so as to drive it as far as possible.

One Sunday, Christopher Hall, the preacher at Elstow, came down on Sabbath-breaking. This hit John Bunyan hard, for every Sunday he and the other fellows gathered out on Elstow green to dance and play tipcat. He left the meeting-house burdened with conviction. He must have felt a great deal like he describes Christian—there was a heavy load upon him.

But it only lasted until he got to the dinner-table. Says he, "Before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course." After partaking of a hearty meal he

HE WAS PLAYING "TIP-CAT"—WHEN THE BELLS BEGAN TO RING

went out on the commons and joined his "cronies." Taking the bat in his hand, he hit the "cat." Up it shot out of the hole. He was about to whack it the second time when the bells in the Perpendicular tower began to ring. He interpreted their tones as a voice from heaven saying, "Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to heaven, or have thy sins, and go to hell?" Down dropped the bat. Staring vacantly into heaven he stood before the whole crowd. He seemed to see Jesus looking down upon him and threatening to punish him. He got the idea then and there that he had so grievously sinned that no more would Christ forgive him. Then he reasoned that since this was the case he would get all the "sweetness" he could out of sin before he died.

For about a month he plunged into sin, cursing and blaspheming his Creator. Yet there were many gross, licentious sins that he abhorred, and he kept himself clean from them. Some of his greatest "sins," strange to say, were his "sports and plays" —games. He thought he must be saved from playing these games.

A poor neighbor of Bunyan's talked very respectfully of religion and the Bible, altho he made no profession himself. This set Bunyan to thinking. He got his Bible and began to read the historical part. The Epistles of Paul he touched lightly, for

he could not understand them much. He resolved to live up to the Ten Commandments. Try as he might he could not help but break one now and then. He would tell God he was sorry and try again.

The whole town got to talking about Bunyan. They considered him a converted man. Indeed there was a change—to use Bunyan's words, a change "as great as for Tom of Bedlam to become a sober man."

For about a year this condition continued, and the fellow-townsmen heaped great praise upon Bunyan. This made him feel good. He liked to hear them praise him. However, he recognized this was but an outward reformation and that a real work of the heart was needed. Said he:

"As yet I was nothing but a poor, painted hypocrite."

Chapter III

GOLD IN THE TRUNK

Up into the steeple of the parish church Bunyan loved to clamber and ring the bells. But now his conscience began to hurt him for ringing them. He came to think it was a vain thing to do and that he ought to stop it. Yet, his mind kept going to the steeple-house. He was tempted so much that he went to watch the others ring them. The question came to him, "What if one of the bells should fall upon me?" He decided to keep a beam between himself and the bells. "But," thought he, "the bell may break the beam when it falls, bounce, and kill me after all." So he backed up to the door. Then he could get out quickly in case a bell fell.

Came the question to his mind then, "What if the steeple should fall?" Down out of the steeple he clambered and ran away with all his might.

"Queer," you say, "that anyone would have such thoughts." Perhaps. But Bunyan was a youth of high-strung nerves and imagination. His thoughts were so real to him that they spoke outloud to him. Few people nowadays would consider it a wrong thing to ring a church bell. But

John Bunyan's mind got to going that way and when once his keen, imaginative faculties went to work, something extraordinary was sure to happen.

It was harder for him to give up dancing on the village green and in the old Moot Hall than for him to stop the bell-ringing. It was a full year before he lopped off the indulgence of dancing. He was still trying to get peace with God through his own works of righteousness, but his heart was never satisfied. "Poor wretch as I was," said he afterward, "I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ; and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God, in his mercy showed me more of my state by nature."

One day he was pursuing the tinker's trade at Bedford when he chanced to overhear three or four poor women talking religion. They spoke about "the new birth"—something that seemed rather strange to Bunyan. Here he had been trying to live religion without this change of heart. Joy seemed to be written all over their faces. They contrasted their wretched, miserable lives before being born again with the peace and contentment and happiness that was theirs since they had let Jesus come into their hearts and change them.

Bunyan got hungry for the experience that these poor women had. As often as he could he would

go and talk with them and learn more about the secret of their happy lives. He fell under conviction and continually meditated on the things they told him about the blessings of a life changed by the Lord Jesus and made anew through his blood. The salvation of his soul was the thing he now desired above everything else.

As usual with honest souls seeking God, Satan sowed his seed. There was a peculiar sect abroad in the land in those days who were popularly called "Ranters." Bunyan read some of their books. A few of his acquaintances were carried away with their views. It seems a man could go into most any kind of sin, yet be considered to have attained to perfection, provided he kept in fellowship with the Ranters. Bunyan prayed as he read these books, "O Lord, I am a fool, and not able to know the truth from error! . . . If it be of God, let me not despise it; if it be of the devil, let me not embrace it." God saw his honest heart and led him away from the Ranters' delusion.

He went to the Book of God—the best place to find the true way. Paul's Epistles now were "sweet" to him, and he understood them as he never had before. Especially did he think much of faith. Reading in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians about the Spirit giving "to another faith" (verse 9),

he began to ask himself such questions as, "What is faith?" "How can you tell you have faith?"

Concluding that the best way to know if a man has faith is to put it to the test by working miracles, he tried it out. On the miry road between Elstow and Bedford he was trudging along when he decided that now was the time to find out if he had faith. He would say to the puddles that were in the horse-ponds, "Be dry," and to the dry places, "Be ye puddles." Just as he was about to say, "Be dry," he thought he had better go under the hedge and pray first that God would make him able to do it. But he thought if he went and prayed, then failed, he would be lost forever. So he thought he had better not undertake as big a task just then. He tells us in his autobiography, "I was tossed betwixt the devil and my own ignorance."

To add to his misery he got to thinking about whether he was of the elect or not. Strong was his belief in God's making some men who were predestined for heaven, and others who were just as certainly predestined for eternal hell. He thought if he were not one of the "elect" he had just as well quit trying to get right with God.

When he got over that fear another came—"But how if the day of grace should be past and gone?" It appeared to him that the people of Bedford and

surrounding towns who were saved were all that God was going to save in that locality. He was too late, he thought. After a bitter struggle these words in Luke 14: 22 came to him, "And yet there is room." Then he believed Christ yet had room for him, and he took courage.

Longing anxiously for soul-satisfaction, he cried out, "Gold, could it have been gotten for gold, what would I have given for it?"

The folks in Bedford that were interested in him talked to their pastor, Mr. Gifford, about Bunyan. Gifford invited Bunyan to his home, and gave him some good counsel. But it only seemed to make Bunyan more miserable. He became extremely conscientious in trying to do the right. He said, "I durst not take a pin or stick, tho but as big as a straw; for my conscience now was sore, and would smart at every touch."

Then he had an awful battle. He would go deep down in the Valley of Despair, considering that he was more loathsome than a toad and he said regarding the beasts, birds, fishes, etc., that because they had no sinful nature, "I could therefore have rejoiced had my condition been as any of theirs."

He got so despondent that he thought he had sinned against the Holy Ghost and was lost beyond hope. One whom he described as "an ancient

Christian" added to his miseries by saying he believed it was a fact that Bunyan's day of grace was gone.

Like many other young persons he began to doubt whether the Bible were really the Book of God. The question came to him, "How can you tell but that the Turks had as good Scriptures to prove their Mohammed the Savior as we have to prove our Jesus?" He was tempted to curse God, pray to "a bush, a bull, a besom, or the like," or even to the devil himself. The startling thought came to him that he was possessed of devils! Then he thought he must be crazy.

These spells of depression and despondency were not upon him all the time or he might have gone insane. Sometimes the sense of Jesus' love would so overwhelm him that he thought he must tell it even to crows walking around on the plowed land in front of him. Sometimes as he walked into the country or sat by the fire and mused, God would speak to him of mercy, and hope, and peace. But he said those happy moments did not last long, but were "like to Peter's sheet, of a sudden were caught up from me into heaven again."

Some have said that Bunyan was not much of a scholar. It is true he did not go to public school long. But whatever he undertook he threw his

whole heart and soul into it and did a thorough job. He examined the writings and doctrines of the Quakers, but could not accept their religion.

He did not feel satisfied with the books of his day, saying that the modern writers did not go "down themselves into the deep." So he looked around for some ancient work that might satisfy him. Rummaging around, he found an old Commentary to the Galatians written by Martin Luther, just ready to fall to pieces. The reading of this old volume seemed to bring great satisfaction to him. Said he, "I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience." He thought that at last peace had come. His fears were calmed.

Then suddenly, like the crash of doom, came what was to him the most dreadful temptation he had yet fought. "Sell out Christ. Sell out Christ," rung in his ears for a whole year—every day, and sometimes every hour. He fought against this with all his strength. He felt himself in the place of Judas. He got so he could not eat or do anything that the words, "Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell him, sell him," did not come to him. They would pour through his mind in an endless stream.

He would resist this thing so hard that often he

would push and thrust with his hands and elbows, crying out, "I will not. I will not." Sometimes the dreadful thought would suggest itself that he had consented, and he would be tortured cruelly for days with the idea.

As he was lying in bed one morning the dreaded words began surging through his mind. Tired out of breath with fighting, he thought, "Let him go, if he will." Moping out to the fields, he was almost as a dead man for two hours. For two years he felt like a doomed man. Few have the capacity to undergo mental and spiritual torture as did Bunyan. He read the story of Francis Spira, an Italian lawyer of the sixteenth century who was induced to return to the Roman Catholic Church and who died a miserable death from remorse and despair. This, said Bunyan, "was to my troubled spirit as salt when rubbed into a fresh wound."

For whole days he would tremble, and his mind would shake and totter under the fear of eternal judgment. He felt sometimes as tho his "breast-bone would split asunder."

He thought of all the sins ever committed—of David's, and Solomon's, Manasseh's, or even Judas' and concluded his sin was worse than all put together.

At last he began to think of the text, "Return

unto me, for I have redeemed thee." As he would go down the road he would think he heard these words spoken behind him in a very loud voice. He would stop and look back, whereupon clouds and darkness would come again. He was not sure whether the voice was from Christ or not.

Little by little the light dawned upon him. Christ grew nearer and dearer to him as the days went by. At last, comparing his experience with the expressions concerning the unpardonable sin mentioned in Scripture, he concluded that his was not the unpardonable sin, but that grace was still available for his soul. He looked, and lived, and the chains fell off, and the afflictions and irons were gone—his temptations and fears all fled away. Then could he say:

"It was glorious to me to see his exaltation, and the worth and prevalency of all his benefits, and that because now I could look from myself to him, and would reckon that all those graces of God that now were green on me, were yet but like those cracked groats and fourpence—halfpennies, that rich men carry in their purses when their gold is in their trunks at home.

"Oh! I saw my gold was in my trunk at home! in Christ, my Lord and Savior."

Chapter IV

PREACHER TO THE MASSES

It was not long until Bunyan was received into the church and baptized by Mr. Gifford in the River Ouse, which Bunyan called "the Bedford river." This was probably about the year 1653. He was around twenty-five years of age.

His fears did not all leave, but God helped him much and he was able to conquer. Especially did he receive much encouragement from the Scriptures. One evening he and his wife were sitting by the fire. He was musing on some passages in the Bible. The following came to his mind from the 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, verses 22-24: "But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

These verses so comforted him and satisfied him that he scarcely slept that night for joy. It seems

that he was settled deep down in the faith.

But, as we have noted, he did not come to this place immediately upon conversion and being received into the church. In fact, a battle began when he took his first communion. Great temptations came to him to blaspheme the ordinances. As he watched the cup go around the thought came to him to wish destruction to those that partook. He prayed to God to keep away these terrible suggestions and at the same time prayed that God would bless the cup and bread. This same thing occurred every time he partook of the communion for about three-fourths of a year.

About this time he was seized with a great physical weakness, which he attributed to consumption. It was not much wonder that his body could no longer stand the strain. A depression came over him. He concluded he was not alive to God and holiness—that he was dead, dull, and cold. His soul was torn between these two considerations—"Live I must not. Die I dare not." Paul's words to Titus saved him on this occasion: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he hath saved us."

Now it seems that Bunyan, to use the figures in his own *Pilgrim's Progress*, had felt the hand of Help reach down and lift him out of the Slough of

Despond. He had seen over the Wicket-Gate the words written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He had said:

"May I now enter here? Will he within open to sorry me, tho I have been an undeserving rebel? Then shall I not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

He had passed through the gate, had been locked in the Castle of Giant Despair, and had found the key to unlock the barred gate. He had gone up the Hill Difficulty and had sung as he went:

> "The hill, tho high, I covet to ascend,
> The difficulty will not me offend,
> For I perceive the way to life lies here:
> Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear,
> Better, tho difficult, the right way to go,
> Than wrong, the easy, where the end is woe."

He had passed the raging lions chained by the way, and had come into the Palace Beautiful.

We can read his life in his great allegory. It is likely that Mr. Gifford, the pastor who helped and baptized him, was Evangelist. The three sisters—Prudence, Piety, and Charity—would find their counterpart in the three poor women who helped Bunyan see the light, namely: Sister Bosworth, Sister Munnes, and Sister Fenne.

It seems that through all the years of struggle

he had kept at his business and had become rather prosperous. A certain biographer says, "God had increased his stores so that he lived in great credit among his neighbors." About the same time he was baptized—on May 13, 1653, there was an address sent to Cromwell from Bedfordshire approving the dismissal of the Long Parliament and recognizing the leadership of Cromwell. Thirty-six names were attached to this document, among them those of Gifford and Bunyan. This seems to indicate that he owned land and was a man held in some esteem in the community.

At this time he still lived in the humble little village of Elstow. There to this day is a thatched wayside tenement, with a lean-to forge at one end, that is pointed out to the traveler as Bunyan's cottage. Here were born his beloved blind daughter Mary, in 1650, and four years later (1654) Elizabeth. About the next year (1655) Bunyan removed from Elstow to Bedford. His good wife, whom he loved so much, died this same year. His pastor, Mr. Gifford, also passed away this year.

This very year also—an eventful one in Bunyan's life—he felt that God called him to the ministry. One would think that a man of his type would have some wonderful dream, or hear a voice, or in some other marvelous way be called to preach

the gospel. But it did not happen that way at all, strange to say. He was modest and did not push himself forward at all.

Some who recognized his gift of expression encouraged him to exhort them. He says, "The which, tho at the first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet being still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their requests, and did twice at two several assemblies (but in private), tho with much weakness and infirmity, discover my gift among them."

When they went out to the country and held meetings they sometimes asked Bunyan to go along and teach. He went and the people were edified and blessed God for his words. The church recognized his call and he was "appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the Word." An entry in the church-book record reads "that Brother Bunyan being taken off by the preaching of the gospel" from his duties as deacon, someone else was put in his place there.

He kept on with his work as a tinker, tho, and retained a successful business. He says regarding his lay ministry, "When the country understood, they came in to hear the word by hundreds, and that from all parts, tho upon divers and sundry accounts." But we can well believe that "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." Says the eminent biog-

rapher Froude, "No such preacher to the uneducated English masses was to be found within the four seas."

From Bunyan's lips there came a flame of fire. He said, "I have been as one sent to them from the dead." Yet still, for two years he would be troubled by doubts and fears and accusations, and suggestions to blaspheme while he was in the pulpit. But he cried, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," and he kept right on in spite of the dread battles he had to fight.

It seems that Bunyan met considerable opposition when he went out to preach. He said, "The doctors and the priests of the country" opposed him. He was relatively unlearned—knew little of philosophy, history, and literature, and no doubt was reproached for his lack of learning. But he knew life. He understood enough about God's power over the human heart to make a weighty appeal. He was intensely in earnest. These things, together with his native fluency of speech, made up in great measure for his lack of book-learning. He liked to be original. He said, "I never endeavored to, nor durst make use of other men's lines (tho I condemn not all that do)." Perhaps this accounts to a great extent for the rugged originality of *Pilgrim's Progress* and his other writings.

Furthermore, this fervent-hearted minister of the gospel had a deep burden for souls. He said that when some of his converts went back to sin, "I can truly say, their loss hath been more to me than if my own children, begotten of my own body, had been going to their grave." He felt when preaching as tho an angel of God stood at his back as he labored for souls that were lost.

An anonymous biographer tells the following story about him that occurred in the early days of Bunyan's ministry:

"Being to preach in a church in a country village in Cambridgeshire, and the public being gathered together in the churchyard, a Cambridge scholar, and none of the soberest neither, inquired what the meaning of that concourse of people was (it being a week-day); and being told that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he gave a lad twopence to hold his horse, saying he was resolved to hear the tinker prate; and so he went into the church to hear him. But God met him there by his ministry, so that he came out much changed; and would by his good will hear none but the tinker for a long time after, he himself becoming a very eminent preacher in that country afterwards." "This story," continues the anonymous biographer, "I know to be true, having many times discoursed with the man."

A university man met Bunyan on the road near Cambridge. Said he to Bunyan, "How dare you preach, not having the original Scriptures?"

"Do you have them—the copies written by the apostles and prophets?" asked Bunyan.

"No," replied the scholar. "But I have what I believe to be a true copy of the original."

"And I," said Bunyan, "believe the English Bible to be a true copy, too."

"Then away rid the scholar," said Bunyan, telling about it afterward.

Bunyan preached everywhere he got an opening—in woods, in barns, on village greens, in town chapels. He would take the substance of his sermons, revise, and publish them. His fame soon went far and wide and the country flocked to listen to him preach. Some parish churches, such as those in Meldreth, and Yelden, were open to him. At Yelden the people somewhat resented it because the rector, Dr. William Dell, allowed "one Bunyan, of Bedford, a tinker," to preach in the parish church on Christmas Day.

Charles Doe said as many as twelve hundred people were seen listening to Bunyan in London at seven o'clock in the morning on a working-day in dark winter. He estimated that at a Lord's Day service in a town's end meeting-house three thousand

BUNYAN PREACHING IN FRONT OF THE MOTE HALL, BEDFORD, OCTOBER 18, 1659

FACSIMILE OF AN OLD ETCHING

came to hear this great pulpit orator, half being obliged to return for want of room. Bunyan had to enter through a back door and be pulled over the heads of the crowd to get up-stairs to the pulpit.

Satan tried to hinder his ministry. He would say, "What! Will you preach this? This condemns yourself." These words and many other temptations from within kept suggesting themselves to him. But more distressing than these was the pressure brought to bear upon him from without. Dr. T. Smith, Professor of Arabic and Keeper of the University Library at Cambridge, came upon Bunyan preaching in a barn at Toft. He was "angry with the tinker because he strove to mend souls as well as kettles and pans" and was having more success than the graduates of the university.

They started all kinds of slanders about the tinker-preacher. They called him "a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman, and the like." They said he was guilty of gross immoralities, that he had two wives at once, etc. He bore all these slanders patiently, calling on God to witness that they were all false.

They tried to get the arm of the law to act against him at this time. As early as March, 1658, the church books say that the little Bedford church was in trouble because an indictment had been laid against "Brother Bunyan" for "preaching at Eaton

Socon." It was most likely dropped, for there is no further record of it.

Few persons know Bunyan as a preacher. We think of him as a writer of allegory, especially as the author of *Pilgrim's Progress.* But writing allegories was really a sideline with him. The great burden of his heart was to be a preacher of righteousness. He would take the sermons that he preached, and after revising them somewhat would have them printed and scattered around, thus reaching a greater audience than he could get from the pulpit.

Some of the sermons are marvels of good, sound, practical, common-sense teaching. Others are rather far-fetched. It seems that sometimes Bunyan would get so mystical that he would get far away from life into a great deal of speculation which was to no avail. But when he entered the realm of practical Christian living, there are few sermonizers that surpass him.

Here is a paragraph from a sermon on Christian behavior, in which he speaks on the duties of parents to children:

"Take heed that the misdeeds for which thou correctest thy children be not learned them by thee. Many children learn that wickedness of their parents, for which they beat and chastise them. Take

heed that thou smile not upon them to encourage them in small faults, lest that thy carriage to them be an encouragement to them to commit greater faults. Take heed that thou use not unsavory and unseemly words in thy chastising of them, as railing, miscalling, and the like—this is devilish. Take heed that thou do not use them to many chiding words and threatenings, mixed with lightness and laughter. This will harden."

And again: "I tell you that if parents carry it lovingly towards their children, mixing their mercies with loving rebukes, and their loving rebukes with fatherly and motherly compassions, they are more likely to save their children than by being churlish and severe to them. Even if these things do not save them, if their mercy do them no good, yet it will greatly ease them at the day of death to consider, I have done by love as much as I could to save and deliver my child from hell."

One might think that Bunyan was talking about some modern industrial conditions when he speaks of the relations of masters to servants as follows: "Masters, give you servants that which is just, just labor and just wages. Servants that are truly godly care not how cheap they serve their masters, provided they may get into godly families, or where they may be convenient for the Word. But if a

master or mistress takes this opportunity to make a prey of their servants, it is abominable. I have heard poor servants say that in some carnal families they have had more liberty to God's things and more fairness of dealing than among many professors. Such masters make religion to stink before the inhabitants of the land."

Speaking of pride manifested by professors of religion it would seem that many men and women today need the same advice:

"No sin reigneth more in the world than pride among professors. The thing is too apparent for any man to deny. We may and do see pride display itself in the apparel and carriage of professors almost as much as among any in the land. I have seen church-members so decked and bedaubed with their fangles and toys that when they have been at worship I have wondered with what faces such painted persons could sit in the place where they were without swooning. I once talked with a maid, by way of reproof for her fond and gaudy garment; she told me the tailor would make it so. Poor proud girl, she gave orders to the tailor to make it so."

Let them beware of "pampering themselves without fear, daubing themselves with the lust-provoking fashions of the times; to walk with stretched out

necks, naked breasts, frizzled foretops, wanton gestures, in gorgeous apparel, mixing with gold and pearl and costly array. . . . Barren fig-tree, can it be imagined that those that paint themselves did ever repent of their pride? or that those that pursue this world did ever repent of their covetousness? or that those that walk with wanton eyes did ever repent of their fleshly lusts?"

During this period of his life Bunyan began his literary work. In 1656 there was published a two-hundred page volume entitled *Some Gospel Truths Opened, by That Unworthy Servant of Christ, John Bunyan, of Bedford, by the Grace of God, Preacher of the Gospel of His Dear Son.* John Burton, the successor of Gifford in the pastorate, wrote an introduction to this work in which he said that Bunyan had "neither the greatness nor the wisdom of the world to commend him, not being chosen out of an earthly but out of a heavenly university, the Church of Christ," where "through grace he had taken three heavenly degrees, to-wit, union with Christ, the anointing of the Spirit, and experience of the temptations of Satan," and as one of whose "soundness in the faith, godly conversation, and his ability to preach the gospel, not by human aid, but by the Spirit of the Lord," he "with many other saints had had experience."

It was a remarkable literary work for a young tinker less than thirty years of age to write.

In the year 1657 appeared a second volume entitled *A Vindication of Gospel Truths Opened.*

A third book appeared in 1658, published at "the Kings Head, in the Old Bailey." This one was an exposition of the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. It was entitled *A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul.* It went through nine editions in Bunyan's lifetime. Here is a sample of the style used in this book:

"Scrubbed beggarly Lazarus. What, shall I dishonor my fair, sumptuous, and gay house with such a scabbed creephedge as he? The Lazaruses are not allowed to warn them of the wrath to come, because they are not gentlemen, because they cannot with Pontius Pilate speak Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Nay, they must not, shall not, speak to them, and all because of this."

His last book before his long prison term was published in May, 1659. It was given the title of *The Doctrine of Law and Grace Unfolded.* On the title-page he describes himself as "that poor, contemptible creature John Bunyan, of Bedford." There are some striking passages in it. In one place he describes his condition while in sin, then says: "I saw through grace that it was the Blood

shed on Mount Calvary that did save and redeem sinners, as clearly and as really with the eyes of my soul as ever, methought, I had seen a penny loaf bought with a penny. . . . O let the saints know that unless the devil can pluck Christ out of heaven he cannot pull a true believer out of Christ."

It may be truly said of the tinker-preacher of Elstow that "the world was his parish."

Chapter V

ARRESTED

Bunyan married again in 1659. This woman, Elizabeth, proved a noble character, one who mothered the four little orphans of Bunyan well. He had now preached about five years.

Cromwell had died and the monarchy was restored to Charles II in 1660. This haughty monarch was determined to do his best to make all England submit to the Established Church. It was a time of great confusion. Catholics and Protestants, and those who held to the Established Church of England and Independents, were all at war with each other and regarded each other as the enemies of God and the State.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth a law called the "Act of Uniformity, the 35th of Elizabeth," was passed. It seems it was hard for people to be tolerant of each other back there. Even Cromwell, the Puritan, when in power, had restricted the liberties of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians.

It seemed at first that Charles II was not going to pay any attention to this Act. In what is known as his "Declaration from Breda" he promised that no one would be molested for religion provided he

did not endanger the peace and well-being of the realm. But he did not seem to mean it. England soon found out that he did not intend to carry out this policy.

In fact, it seems England did not want Charles to be so tolerant. They were tired of the Puritans, with their stern, austere religion, their repression of joy and sour sanctimoniousness. The new Parliament was bound to change the order of things; as Mr. J. R. Green said, "Their whole policy appeared to be dictated by a passionate spirit of reaction."

The 35th of Elizabeth was again enforced. It was a drastic law. All who would refuse to attend worship in the parish churches were to be imprisoned for three months. Then if they still refused they were banished from England. If they returned to England without permission from the ruling sovereign they were to be executed.

Unordained preachers were required to quit preaching. The churches of all Dissenters were closed. The Bedford congregation were turned out of Saint John's Church. They went to the woods and secret meeting-places and there John Bunyan would go in disguise and preach to them.

There was an order issued early in October, 1660, by the County Magistrates meeting in Bed-

THEY WENT TO THE WOODS AND THERE BUNYAN WOULD PREACH TO THEM.

ford to the effect that the liturgy of the Church of England must be read by the clergy. Bunyan disliked the *Book of Common Prayer.* He said it was a relic of popery and gave his hearers to understand that they should "take heed that they touch not" the thing if they would be "stedfast in the faith of Jesus Christ." He regarded the magistrates' order as an order to make the people pray "after the form of man's inventions." He refused to obey it.

Being the most prominent Non-Conformist in his locality, he was especially marked out by the magistrates to watch. He intended to leave the neighborhood, but they did not give him time to get away. Said Bunyan, "That old enemy of man's salvation took his opportunity to inflame the hearts of his vassals against me insomuch that at the last I was laid out for the warrant of a justice."

The climax came in this way. Bunyan had arranged to hold a religious service in the little town of Lower Samsell, near Harlington, where the level land stretching out from Bedford rises toward the chalk hills. Someone found out about this meeting and sent word to Mr. Francis Wingate, a magistrate of Harlington House. It was November 12, 1660. Wingate was told that this meeting was of a seditious character, that the people attending it were bringing arms with a view to the disturb-

ance of the public peace. Bunyan says, "As if we did intend to do some fearful business to the destruction of the country." Wingate issued the warrant for apprehension under the act of Elizabeth.

Some of the members of the congregation heard about this proposed move on the part of the magistrate and warned Bunyan. He could have escaped, but he thought he would be playing the coward to do so, and that it might have a bad effect on the congregation should he run off and leave them. Especially did the man at whose house the meeting was to be held try to prevail upon Bunyan to leave. He said he knew it would be certain that Bunyan should be cast into prison. Bunyan very magnanimously said that this man "was, I think, more afraid of [for] me, than of [for] himself," altho of course this man would be liable for punishment for having such a meeting held in his home.

Bunyan paced up and down near the house for a whole hour before services and thought the question out as to whether he should flee or remain and suffer the consequences, resolving in the end "not to go away."

The meeting began. All took their seats; then down on their knees the little company went and prayed for God's blessing. Bunyan arose to preach to them. He opened his Bible and gave out his

text. The brethren had their open Bibles on their knees and were following him, when in walked the constables. They called upon Bunyan to stop preaching. They read the warrant. Those in the little company who did not know what was about to occur, were startled and terrified. Bunyan asked the constable if he might say a word before leaving. This was granted. He gave the little company words of encouragement, telling them that it was better to be persecuted than to be persecutors; that it was no disgrace to suffer as a Christian. This sermon was too much for the constables. They got tired of it and noisily hustled Bunyan out of the house.

Mr. Wingate was not at home that night; so a good friend of Bunyan's who lived near offered to keep him for the night with the understanding that he should produce Bunyan the next day.

Next morning Bunyan was haled before the magistrate. Said Wingate to the constable, "How many arms were found at the meeting?" (He thought that Bunyan and his company were some religious zealots called Fifth Monarchy men.)

Said the constable, "Sir, we found no arms. We found merely a few peaceable, armless people who were met together to preach and hear the Word." This puzzled the magistrate. What was he to do,

he hardly knew, nor did he know what to say. He must do something to preserve his dignity. Turning to Bunyan, he exclaimed heatedly, "You have been breaking the law. Why do you not attend to your own business? What business had you down there preaching to those people? Why do you not mind your own business instead of breaking the law by preaching?"

Bunyan answered, "My one object in going to that meeting and teaching was to get sinners to give up their sins for their own souls' sake. This I can do and attend to my own business also."

Thereupon Wingate flew into a rage and thundered, "I mean to break the neck of these unlawful meetings. John Bunyan, you are herewith committed to trial at the Quarters Sessions. If securities will vouchsafe for your good behavior, well and good; if you can get no security, you go to jail."

Said Bunyan, "I will not leave speaking the Word of God."

Wingate then concluded with, "Very well, sir, you shall go to jail pending trial at the next Quarters Sessions."

While Wingate was out getting ready the committal, Wingate's father-in-law, Dr. Lindall, Vicar of Harlington, came in and reviled Bunyan. "What right have you," said he, "to be mixing in some-

thing with which you have no business? You are one of those who make long prayers to devour widows' houses; you are to be likened to Alexander the Coppersmith who did much harm."

After the papers were made out and Bunyan was on his way to Bedford in the constables' charge, two friends met him. These friends were acquainted with Wingate. Getting a little time from the constables, these two friends bade them wait until they could see Wingate. Going in before the magistrate, they found he was inclined to be lenient with Bunyan, and rather reluctant to send him to jail. Wingate said, "If he will so much as give us even a vague kind of promise we will let him go free."

These friends came back to Bunyan and said that if Bunyan would "say certain words" to Wingate that justice would free him. Bunyan accompanied them back and found that another magistrate had joined Wingate. Both said that they did not want to send Bunyan to prison. Bunyan recognized this second magistrate as William Foster, a Bedford lawyer, Wingate's brother-in-law, and said he was a "gross opposer of the ways of God." This fellow entreated Bunyan to promise that he would not call the people together and that if he would make such a promise he could go free; that such meetings were against the law, and that they must

not be held. Continuing, he said, "Especially should you quit preaching on week days, which makes other people neglect their calling. God commanded people to work six days, and serve him on the seventh."

Bunyan replied, "I have never summoned the people to hear me, but they came, and when they did, it was only right that I use the best of skill and wisdom in counseling them regarding their souls' salvation. I can preach—and the people who come to hear do not neglect their calling. Men need to look out for their souls' welfare on week days as well as on Sundays."

Seeing that they could do nothing in the way of getting any promise out of him not to preach or call the people together, they put the papers in the constable's hands and he and his prisoner were started off again to Bedford jail.

The sun had set and it was dark. Bedford was thirteen miles away. There loomed up before them, out of the darkness, the walls of the jail, cold and gloomy. Here was to be Bunyan's dismal home for twelve long years. But the prisoner was uncompromising. He said he had the peace of God in his bosom and the comfort of the Spirit in his soul.

Chapter VI

"A CERTAIN PLACE WHERE WAS A DEN"

Prisons in those days in England were in no respect pleasant places. The Bedford County jail was no exception to the general rule. Bunyan was a man accustomed to the good, free, open country and to be confined to a dingy prison was no small punishment. No doubt when he opened his *Pilgrim's Progress* with these words, "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den," he had Bedford County jail in mind.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether this jail was a "damp and dreary cell into which a narrow chink admitted a few scanty rays of light," as one biographer put it, or whether it was a fairly tolerable place. It seems that Bunyan was allowed more freedom at times than other prisoners of his day, and that he did not suffer from ill health on account of his close confinement. But even taking the view that this was a tolerably good prison for its day, it must have been an unspeakably wretched place.

Bunyan had been in jail but a few days when some of his brethren in the church applied to a

magistrate of Elstow by the name of Mr. Crompton to bail him out. The magistrate thought it best not to take any chances, because he was a young man; so he refused bail. Bunyan remarked, "I was not at all daunted, but rather glad, for I saw evidently that the Lord had heard me." He said this because he had asked the Lord if more good would be accomplished by remaining in prison, that the Lord's will be done.

In seven or eight weeks, in January of 1661, the Quarter Sessions were held at Bedford. The indictment brought against Bunyan was: "That John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, laborer, being a person of such and such conditions, he hath (since such a time) devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to church (the Parish Episcopal Church) to hear divine service, and is a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this Kingdom, contrary to the laws of our sovereign lord the King," etc.

The clerk of the court asked him what he had to answer to the indictment, and he said, "I go to the church of God, and by grace am a member with the people over whom Christ is the head."

It seems that five justices took part in this trial, the chairman of the bench being John Keeling,

whom John Bunyan afterwards used to good advantage in his *Pilgrim's Progress* as Lord Hategood presiding at the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair. This chief justice had suffered a great deal at the hands of the Puritans and now it was his time to get back at them.

The trial was a very informal one; in fact, it resolved itself in a great measure into a debate about religious forms and doctrine. They argued about unauthorized preaching. Bunyan quoted the text, "As every man hath received the gift even so minister the same one to another." Keeling said he could "open that scripture," and proceeded to do so by explaining it this way. Said he, "It means that any man having received a trade, so let him follow it; if any man hath received a gift of tinkering as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering."

Questioned the judge, "Why do you not go to church?"

Bunyan replied, "Because the *Prayer Book* was made by man. God ordered man to pray with the Spirit and understanding, not with the Spirit and the *Prayer Book*."

Whereupon the chief justice reminded him that he was violating another Act of Parliament by finding fault with the *Prayer Book*. Keeling called upon him to cease calling large numbers of peo-

ple together, and told him he could teach among his family and close friends if he cared to. Writing about it afterward, Bunyan said, "I told them that if I was let out of prison today I would preach the gospel again tomorrow by the help of God."

This enraged one of the justices. He cried out, "Let him speak no further. He will do harm."

Bunyan had virtually pleaded guilty to the indictment by saying he and his friends had held some meetings together, so all that was left for the judges to do was to pronounce sentence, which they did in this wise: "You must be led back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave (off) your preaching, you must be banished from the realm; and if, after such a day as shall be appointed (for) you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, etc., or be found to come over again without special license from the King, etc., you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly."

The only rejoinder Bunyan had to make to this sentence was, "I shall repeat the offense the first opportunity I get." More argument would have followed, but the jailer pulled him away.

This was the beginning of the parting with his family, which was one of the most bitter factors in

his prison experience. He wrote in *Grace Abounding*, "I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me, in this place, as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants, that my poor family were like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer to my heart than all beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces. Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, tho I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet, recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, tho it goeth to the quick to leave you! Oh! I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet, thought I, I must do it, I must do it."

When the three months were up, Mr. Cobb, clerk of the peace, was sent to reason with Bunyan. This was on April 3, 1661. Cobb told Bunyan about the trouble they were having with Fifth Mon-

archy men and urged him that for the sake of the peace he would declare he would hold no more public meetings. Bunyan replied, "Sir, Wyclif saith, that he which leaveth off preaching and hearing of the word of God for fear of excommunication of men, he is already excommunicated of God, and shall in the Day of Judgment be counted a traitor to Christ."

Cobb then pleaded in this way: "Well, neighbor Bunyan, but indeed I would wish you seriously to consider of these things, between this and the Quarter Sessions, and to submit yourself. You may do much good if you continue still in the land. But, alas, what benefit will it be to your friends, or what good can you do to them, if you should be sent away beyond the seas into Spain or Constantinople, or some other remote part of the world? Pray be ruled!"

The jailer had been listening, and he interposed with, "Indeed, sir, indeed sir, I hope he will be ruled."

But Bunyan would not be ruled by them. He decided "to lie down and suffer whatever they might do to him." They did nothing further about it. Not being punished when the time came, Bunyan thought that probably they were going to hang him, and great was his suffering for a time. Partic-

ularly was he made miserable by the thought that perhaps he was not ready to swing out into eternity. But the Tempter kept saying to him, "But whither must you go when you die? What will become of you? What evidence have you for heaven and glory and an inheritance among them that are sanctified?" At last Bunyan brought himself to the point where he said, "If God does not come in, I will leap off the ladder even blindfolded into eternity, sink or swim, come heaven, come hell." Then was his heart comforted.

The fact is that no action was taken on Bunyan's case because the coronation of the new king was at hand. Charles II was crowned on April 23, 1661. It was customary upon the enthronement of the sovereign to release those prisoners who were not held for any crime short of felony. Those who were awaiting trial were let go at once. Those who had been convicted were given a year to sue out a pardon.

John Bunyan's name was not in the list of those who were classed as pardonable offenders. So his wife, Elizabeth, traveled clear up to London to the House of Lords, and there she presented her petition to have her husband released. The judges concluded that Bunyan's trial was legal, and said

that he must apply for pardon like any other prisoner who had been convicted of his crime.

Nothing further was done until August, when Judges Twisdon and Sir Matthew Hale came to the midsummer assizes. The great Judge Hale was very kind to her and assured her that if he could do anything to help her, he would. Twisdon was abusive. Mrs. Bunyan saw there was no mercy at court; so she went to the Old Swan Inn at the Bridge Foot. There she approached Hale and said, "My lord, I make bold to come again to your lordship to know what may be done with my husband." Hale still asured her that he could do nothing. Twisdon rushed in and brutally exclaimed, "Your husband is a breaker of the peace. His doctrine is the doctrine of the devil. He runs up and down the country doing great harm and he has a reason for preaching—he gets more money out of that than he does by following his tinker's craft." He shook his fist in Mrs. Bunyan's face as he raged. She saw there was no hope there and left in tears.

Between this time and the next assizes held in the spring of 1662, Bunyan was allowed considerable liberty. His imprisonment was unjust, and the jailer knew it. He was inclined to be lenient. He even permitted Bunyan to preach, and granted him the privilege of going as far as London. His

enemies heard about this leniency and the jailer almost lost his job.

At the assizes held in 1662, Bunyan attempted once more to have his case called up. But it seems that the clerk of the peace, Mr. Cobb, had turned bitterly against him. "Thus," Bunyan wrote, "was I hindered and prevented at that time also from appearing before the Judge, and left in prison." Cobb went so far as to blot Bunyan's name from the calendar, threatened the jailer, and turned the court against him.

Now did the world-famous prison term of John Bunyan begin in earnest. And in this "place where was a den" he remained, with one short interval, for the next twelve years.

Chapter VII

UPS AND DOWNS OF PRISON LIFE

One story told by a biographer, illustrates the attitude of some of the jailers toward Bunyan:

"It being known to some of the persecuting prelates that Bunyan was often out of prison, they sent down an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject; and in order to find him out, he was to arrive there in the middle of the night. Bunyan was at home with his family, but so restless that he could not sleep. He, therefore, told his wife that he *must* return immediately. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming in at so unreasonable an hour. Early in the morning, the messenger came, and said, 'Are all the prisoners safe?' 'Yes.' 'Is John Bunyan safe?' 'Yes.' 'Let me see him.' He was called and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger left, the jailer said to Bunyan, 'Well you can go out *again* when you think it proper; for you know *when to return* better than I can tell you.' "

Now, it was not always this way. There is some uncertainty as to just how closely Bunyan was confined to his prison, but we know that there were

periods in which he was kept close and even badly treated by "cruel and oppressive jailers."

He was allowed the pleasure of having friends visit him at times. Charles Doe, a great Non-Conformist, went to see him when he was in Bedford jail and wrote: "When I was there, there were about sixty dissenters besides himself, taken but a little before at a religious meeting at Kaistor, in the county of Bedford, besides two eminent dissenting ministers, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Dun, by which means the prison was much crowded. Yet, in the midst of all that hurry, I heard Mr. Bunyan both preach and pray with that mighty spirit of faith and plerophory of Divine assistance, that he made me stand and wonder. Here they could sing without fear of being overheard, no informers prowling round, and the world shut out."

During the early period of his imprisonment Bunyan even was allowed to go and preach at various places. He says, "I followed my wonted course of preaching, taking all occasions that were put into my hand to visit the people of God."

Often Bunyan was afraid that his prison term would end in death. In his third book, published in 1663, while he was in prison, entitled *Christian Behavior*, he wrote, "Thus have I in few words written to you before I die . . . not knowing the short-

ness of my life nor the hindrances that hereafter I may have of serving my God and you."

Not being able to carry on his trade, he busied himself at another task to make a living for his family. He made "long tagged laces." He could think out sermons while his hands were busy with these laces and he often preached them to his fellow-prisoners. The family would often visit him, and he took a special delight in the calls of his blind daughter, Mary.

While he was in prison, more stringent laws were passed. One called the Conventicle Act provided that where five persons who were not of the same family would meet as a religious congregation, each would be liable to three months' imprisonment, or pay about $25 fine. For the second offense they were to be imprisoned six months or pay $50. For the third they were to pay $500 or be exiled for seven years.

The Act of Uniformity was also passed. It provided that a man's goods were to be taken and he was to be imprisoned for life for the third offense of "declaring or speaking anything in the derogation, depraving or despising of the *Book of Common Prayer*, or of anything therein contained, or any part thereof."

The Five Mile Act stated that a Non-Conform-

ist teacher was not allowed to go within five miles of a corporate town sending members to Parliament, or any place where he had formerly preached, or he would be fined $200 and given a prison term of six months.

In the year 1670, King Charles signed the Treaty of Dover whereby he bound himself to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion. Great was the confusion all over England. The little town of Bedford was in an uproar. Riots were the order of the day. The officials of Bedford refused to quell the riot and the King's soldiers had to come into the town and close the shops. Things looked dark for Bunyan. However, the light was soon to break.

On the 24th day of October, 1671, Bunyan, while still a prisoner, was formally ordained to the office of elder of the Baptist Church at Bedford. The same congregation that had called him to preach in the beginning of his ministry now requested him to be their minister. Up to date he had been kept a pretty close prisoner most of the time, altho Charles Doe tells us that in the year of the Great London Fire (1666) Bunyan, "by the intercession of some interest or power that took pity on his suffering" enjoyed a short period of liberty. It is said that he resumed his work of preaching during this short

respite. The story is told that he was about to preach from the text, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" when he looked up and saw the constable who had come to re-arrest him. The constable turned pale. "See," said Bunyan, "how this man trembles at the Word of God!" The constable arrested him and he was again thrown into prison.

The Declaration of Indulgences of 1672 opened the prison doors and Bunyan walked out a free man. This act made void all laws that had been passed against Non-Conformists and Roman Catholics and granted them freedom of worship. The Quakers did much to bring about this law, but the real reason for this declaration was that Charles wanted to open the door for the Roman Catholics. So he was easily persuaded to be tolerant. More than 3,000 licenses to preach were issued in a short period. Among these was one to John Bunyan, dated May 9, 1672. A license as a meeting-house was obtained for a barn standing in an orchard which once formed a part of the Castle Moat. Josiah Roughead, one of the congregation, purchased it. Here Bunyan preached regularly until his death. This meeting-house was torn down in 1707, and a "three-ridged meeting-house" took its place. In 1849 the present existing chapel was built. The Duke of

Bedford presented a pair of bronze doors for this chapel in 1876, bearing scenes carved upon them from *Pilgrim's Progress.* In the vestry are preserved Bunyan's chair and other relics from Bunyan's property.

Our hero, when he was released from prison, was now forty-four years old. He went to live in a small house in town. One said of him, "When he came abroad, he found his temporal affairs were gone to wreck, and he had as to them to begin again as if he had newly come into the world. But yet he was not destitute of friends who had all along supported him with necessaries, and had been very good to his family; so that by their assistance, getting things a little about him again, he resolved, as much as possible, to decline worldly business and give himself wholly up to the service of God."

There was another imprisonment later, in March, 1676. Charles Doe tells us about it. In 1877 the original warrant for this arrest was discovered. It was dated March 4, 1675. It is addressed to the Constable of Bedford. Thirteen magistrates signed it. It says that notwithstanding the King's "clemency and indulgent grace and favor . . . yet one John Bunyan, of your said town, Tinker, hath divers times within one month last past, in contempt of his Majesty's good laws preached or teached at a

Conventicle meeting or assembly, under color or pretense of exercise of religion in other manner than according to the liturgy or practise of the Church of England. These are therefore in his Majesty's name to command you forthwith to apprehend and bring the body of the said John Bunyan before us or any of us or other his Majesty's Justices of Peace within the said country to answer the premises."

This six months' imprisonment was the most fruitful period of Bunyan's life, for in it he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress.* He was probably set free in the autumn of 1676, not to be confined more behind the prison bars.

Chapter VIII

"THE MAKING OF MANY BOOKS"

Most of us know of but one book that John Bunyan wrote—*The Pilgrim's Progress.* Some of us are acquainted with his *Holy War*, but few of us know that he wrote at least sixty books and tracts, some of which are very valuable works from the standpoint of both literature and religion.

John Bunyan was a man who just could not be idle. He always had to be at work. When in prison he was not one who would sit down, fold his hands, and pine away while thinking of his hard lot. Perhaps his remarkable activity kept his spirits up and accounted for his good health.

In the first six years of his imprisonment, Bunyan was particularly active with his pen. Mr. Green says that Bunyan "found compensation for the narrow bounds of his prison in the wonderful activity of his pen. Tracts, controversial treatises, poems, meditations, his *Grace Abounding*, and his *Holy War*, followed each other in quick succession."

It is interesting to know that his first book was written in poetry. It is entitled *Profitable Meditations.* He wrote three other books of poetry, before his prison release. They are *Four Last Things*,

Ebal and Gerizim, and *Prison Meditations*. His poetry is not nearly of so high a quality as is his prose, but there is a deal of good sense expressed in it. It might be characterized as "mere rhymes." This the reader will readily agree with when he peruses the following lines from *Four Last Things*:

"These lines I at this time present
To all that will them heed,
Wherein I show to what intent
God saith, 'Convert with speed.'
For these four things come on apace,
Which we should know full well,
Both death and judgment, and, in place
Next to them, heaven and hell."

A friend wrote to Bunyan when he was in prison to keep him from becoming discouraged, advising Bunyan to "keep his head above the flood." Bunyan answered him in a ballad of seventy stanzas, expressing that his feet stood upon Mount Zion and the jail was "to him like a hill from which he could see beyond this world and take his fill of the blessedness of that which remains for the Christian."

"For tho men keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ, I can
Mount higher than the stars."

. . . . . .

"The prison very sweet to me
Hath been since I came here,
And so would also hanging be
If God would there appear.

"To them that here for evil lie
The place is comfortless;
But not to me, because that I
Lie here for righteousness.

"The truth and I were both here cast
Together, and we do
Lie arm in arm, and so hold fast
Each other, this is true.

"Who now dare say we throw away
Our goods or liberty,
When God's most holy Word doth say
We gain thus much thereby?"

Later on in his literary career Bunyan reached the place where he could write some very respectable poetry, tho it still is not of the highest class. Here is in praise to the shepherd boy in the Valley of Humiliation, from the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*:

"He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much,
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

"Fulness to such a burden is
That go on Pilgrimage,
Here little, and hereafter Bliss
Is best from age to age."

For both *The Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War* Bunyan wrote a long metrical composition. Here is a part of the introduction of *Pilgrim's Progress* explaining why he decided to put it in print:

"Well, when I had then put mine ends together,
I show'd them others that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify;
And some said, Let them live; some, Let them die.
Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so;
Some said it might do good; others said No.
Now I was in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me;
At last I thought since you are thus divided
I print it will; and so the case decided."

Three years after Bunyan's death there was published a book under his name entitled *Country Rhymes for Children.* In this book for boys and girls, many lessons from nature are drawn. Here are some lines in it that show Bunyan's aptness at this kind of writing:

"The frog by nature is but damp and cold,
Her mouth is large, her belly much will hold,
She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, tho unpleasantly.

"The hypocrite is like unto this frog,
As like as is the puppy to the dog,
He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide
To prate, and at true goodness to deride.
And tho this world is that which he doth love,
He mounts his head as if he lived above.
And tho he seeks in churches for to croak,
He neither seeketh Jesus nor his yoke."

He did not like those who were formal in religion, and it is certain he did not like a bird called the cuckoo; so he wrote some lines in this nature book that compared the two. The conclusion of this little ditty is:

"When thou dost cease among us to appear,
Then doth our harvest bravely crown our year.
But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

"Since cuckoos forward not our early spring
Nor help with notes to bring our harvest in,
And since while here, she only makes a noise
So pleasing unto none as girls and boys,
The Formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs and sing cuckoo."

The great Goethe said that to test poetry one should reduce it to prose, and the substance that remains determines whether it is any good or not. If this is the way to test poetry, Bunyan's would come well up in the scale, especially such lines as these:

"Sin is the worm of hell, the lasting fire:
Hell would soon lose its heat should sin expire;
Better sinless in hell than to be where
Heaven is, and to be found a sinner there."

But poetry was just a small part of what Bunyan produced with his pen. In his prose he excelled. He wrote a famous autobiography entitled *Grace Abounding*. During the first six years of his prison life he wrote a treatise which he named, *Praying in the Spirit*; a book called *Christian Behavior*; *The Holy City*, on the closing chapters of the Book of Revelation, the substance of which he had preached to the brethren in prison; and a book entitled *Resurrection of the Dead and Eternal Judgment*. All of these are vigorous in style and written out of his life experiences. Says Canon Venables in his *Life of Bunyan*, concerning *Grace Abounding*, "This book, if he had written no other, would stamp Bunyan as one of the greatest masters of the English language of his own or any other age."

No one can read this vivid and human story of Bunyan's life without its impressing him that it is an extraordinary book. It was first published by George Larkin in London, in 1666, the year of the London fire. Bunyan had then been in prison six years. Later it was added to and brought down to nearly the end of Bunyan's prison life.

Altho he was not inactive during the last six years of his imprisonment, Bunyan did not produce so many works as in former years. In this period only two of his works were brought out—*Confession of Faith*, and *Defense of the Doctrine of Justification by Faith*, both of which were written near the end of his prison term, and published in 1672, the year he was released. The last-named book was composed in six weeks. It is a refutation of Bishop Fowler's *The Design of Christianity*. In those days men said hard things about one another. He calls Fowler a "pretended minister of the Word," who in "his cursed blasphemous book vilely exposes to public view the rottenness of his heart, in principle diametrically opposite to the simplicity of the gospel of Christ, a glorious latitudinarian that can, as to religion, turn and twist like an eel on the angle, or rather like the weathercock that stands on the steeple."

The Bishop came back at Bunyan with a book entitled *Dirt Wip't Off; or, a manifest discovery of the Gross Ignorance, erroneousness, and most Unchristian and Wicked Spirit of one John Bunyan, Lay-preacher in Bedford.*" He styles Bunyan as one who has been "near these twenty years or longer very infamous in the Town and County of Bedford

as a very Pestilent Schismatick," and calls him an "impudent and malicious firebrand."

These things do not sound good to us today at all. Little is gained by such abusive language. But those were the days when men were rough and ready, in religion as well as in other lines. We might say that the spirit of the times was rather brutal. We are glad that Bunyan did not confine his writings to this sort of treatise.

Chapter IX

THE SUNSET GLOW

It has almost grown customary for us to think that after a man is forty-five years old he will not accomplish much more in life. Many people consider that their days of usefulness are past in the sunset period of their lives. And with a great many people this is true. Thousands fritter away their youth, planting no fruit-bearing seeds that in the later years will mature and bear a golden harvest.

John Bunyan, it is true, in earlier years did not have much of an opportunity to get to school. But in the school of life he showed himself an apt scholar. He prepared well for the sunset period. When the golden glow of his life's eventide was upon him, he beheld a rich fruitage.

One time the author talked to an old "jail bird." He seemed to be broken in spirit. His prison experiences had left an indelible stamp upon him. He was bitter and cynical. He had little faith in mankind. The sunshine had gone out of his life. The joy had been pressed out of his spirit, and instead there was nothing but the wormwood and the gall.

Not so with John Bunyan. After leaving his cell in 1672 he determined to make the rest of his life count for God, and in the sixteen remaining years we see that this determination was carried out. It is true that we have little record of these years, but the little that we have shows that they were years full of untiring service in the Master's cause.

Has the reader ever stood upon the summit of a mountain and looked out into the western horizon, beholding the golden glory of the setting sun? If so he may take it as an apt figure of the latter days of Bunyan. Bunyan could say with Paul that he "fought a good fight." He left no stone unturned in his efforts to sound out the everlasting gospel of the Lord Jesus to a world that is lost. In fact, he kept so busy that Dr. Brown says of him, "He seems to have been too busy to keep any records of his busy life."

He became known far and wide as a great preacher. He did not confine his preaching to the Bedford territory. The year he was released from prison we know that he preached in Leicester, and he occupied the pulpit in London considerably. He applied to the government for licenses for preachers and placed preachers in various parts of the realm. There is a list extant today in his own handwriting which contains the names of twenty-five preach-

ers and thirty buildings, which buildings were mainly private houses, but among which were also barns, malt houses, etc.—anywhere he could get to preach the gospel.

Bunyan gained so much prestige among the people that they playfully styled him "Bishop Bunyan." Those to whom he ministered loved him dearly, for he not only preached to them, but visited the sick and afflicted, helped settle quarrels, and made himself useful in general. In these years of strenuous preaching and ministering, he did not neglect his writing begun even before his prison life, but kept right on with it.

Some think that in this period he gave up his tinker trade, and confined his work to the ministry only. But it seems that he did not, for as late as 1685 he was afraid of persecution and imprisonment again; so he turned over his estate to his wife, which estate was constituted of "all and singular his goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate, rings, household stuff, apparel, utensils, brass, pewter, bedding, and all his other substances."

He describes himself in this deed as a brazier. It would also seem from the language that for the times in which he lived the Bunyans were in comfortable circumstances.

There are few men who attempt to do so much as

did Bunyan and can do it well. But whatever Bunyan did he did well. Concerning his preaching, it is said that at the barn of Josiah Roughead's it was "so thronged the first time he appeared there to edify, that many were constrained to stay without; every one that was of his persuasion striving to partake of his instructions." Wherever he was announced to preach, great crowds gathered, whether it was in the barn, in the woods, or elsewhere. Charles Doe, who later wrote a biography of Bunyan, an honest comb-maker who lived at the foot of London Bridge, heard him preach one day. He was prejudiced against Bunyan, but after he heard him go on, Doe says he preached "so New Testament-like," that all Doe could do was to "admire, weep for joy, and give the preacher his affections."

They tried to win Bunyan away from Bedford to London, but he loved his simple country neighbors, and he did not want to leave the sacred associations of the places where he first heard the news of the new birth that "made his heart shake." Many a man of lesser caliber would have thought only of the miserable Bedford jail, but the shadow of the jail never for a moment fell upon Bunyan. He ever lived in the sunlight and love of his "few sheep in the wilderness," as he affectionately termed the members of his congregation.

These "sheep in the wilderness" often gave Bunyan considerable trouble, but he loved them just the same. They seemed rather unworthy sheep betimes, and some acted strangely like goats. For instance, we read that Bro. John Stanton was admonished for "abusing his wife and beating her often for very light matters," and Sister Mary Foskett had to be taken to task for "privately whispering of a horrid scandal 'without culler of truth,' against Brother Honeylove." Bunyan had to write a letter to Sister Hawthorn "by way of reproving her for her unseemly language against Brother Scot and the whole church." One John Wildman was brought before the church and charged with being "an abominable liar and slanderer." He was found "extraordinarily guilty" against "our beloved Brother Bunyan himself." But these were the exceptions rather than the rule in Bunyan's congregation. Most of these "sheep in the wilderness" were humble, God-fearing, and peace-loving children of the heavenly Father.

The world needs more preachers like Bunyan. Neither money nor worldly things could draw him away from his beloved flock. Says Dr. Brown, "He was too deeply rooted on the scene of his life-long labors and sufferings to think of striking his tent till the command came from the Master to come up to

the higher service for which he had been ripening so long."

Bunyan was fooled concerning the Declaration of Indulgences. After his release from prison he published a tract entitled "Discourse Upon Anti-Christ." He said his object in writing it "was to testify his loyalty to the king, his love to the brethren, and his service to his country." In the Preface he lauded Charles II to the skies. In this pamphlet he said, "Kings must be the men that shall down with Antichrist, and they shall down with her in God's time. God hath begun to draw the hearts of some of them from her already, and he will set them in time against her round about."

One expression made in this work indicates the forgiving, peace-loving spirit of Bunyan. It gives us a glimpse into his heart and makes us to know how deep down in the grace of God his consecration reached. "I do confess myself one of the old-fashioned professors that wish to fear God and honor the King. I am also for blessing them that curse me, for doing good to them that hate me, and for praying for them that despitefully use me and persecute me; and I have had more peace in the practise of these things than all the world are aware of."

With all the good things he said, however, he was mistaken concerning the good intentions of King

Charles. The Declaration of Indulgences lasted but a year. It is said that the king tore the Great Seal off the declaration with his own hands. The Test Act became law. Under its province Non-Conformists were again outlawed. One of Bunyan's bitter enemies, who had been instrumental in putting him in jail in the first place, was now Commissary of the Court of the Arch-deacon of Bedford. This man, Dr. William Foster, delighted in hunting down and punishing Non-Conformists. Again Bunyan was in danger.

All licenses to dissenters were cancelled. This proclamation was dated March 4, 1675. A warrant was issued, and doubtless written by Paul Cobb, the clerk of the peace whom we heard about before, which warrant and the subsequent six months' imprisonment of Bunyan we mentioned in a previous chapter. The warrant is still in existence.

We have already pointed out that *Pilgrim's Progress* was begun during this imprisonment. This great allegory was first published in 1678. It is most probable that it was written just prior to this date, as Bunyan was not in the habit of letting his books stay in manuscript form long. In the place in this allegory where he speaks of the visit to the Delectable Mountains he says, "So I awoke from my dream; and I slept and dreamed again." Dr.

Brown considers that this indicates the point where the six months' imprisonment ended, and from which Bunyan continued the book after his release.

Chapter X

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

Often you have read the life of some great man and you came across these words: "The books which he read when a boy and which were about the only ones in that home, were two in number—the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress.*" No other book except the Bible has been read in so many homes or has gone through as many editions as has *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Altho Bunyan has not spared Roman Catholicism in his great allegory, even the Catholics have revised it a little and are selling a Catholic *Pilgrim's Progress.* It has been translated into many languages, and young and old in all parts of the earth are following the journeys of Christian on his way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.

It is of no use to try to tell why this simple tale of the struggles of the human soul has gripped the hearts of countless millions, if the reader has read the story for himself. Said Bunyan in his "Apology for the Book,"

> "Would'st read thyself, and read
> Thou know'st not what,
> . . . . Oh, then come hither
> And lay my book, thy head, and heart together."

It is written in language that we can understand. Jesus spoke common, every-day, simple words that the lowly could easily grasp, and so did John Bunyan. The learned schoolmen of his day despised his homely language. But the vigorous, rustic style of Bunyan will go down through the ages long after the learned treatises of the masters of rhetoric of his day are forgotten. Such plain, unaffected gems as the Sermon on the Mount, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, mean more to the world than all of the massive tomes that repose on dust-laden shelves in the dignified libraries of our universities. Not that we should despise learning—Bunyan was not an ignorant man by any means. But the greatest men, not excepting the Master himself, are those who speak to the masses in simple language that they can understand.

Little did Bunyan know that he was writing to such a vast audience. Perhaps if he would have realized it his style would have been stilted, and we should never have had what came from his pen in his story of Christian. He wrote it for his own entertainment to while away the hours of prison monotony.

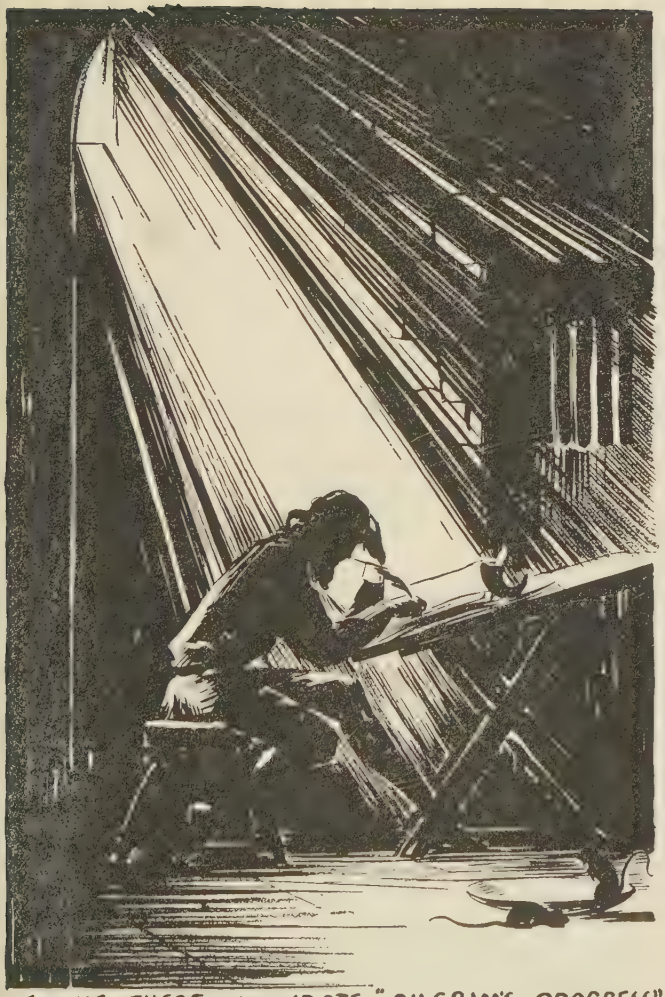
> "Well, so I did; but yet I did not think
> To show to all the world my pen and ink
> In such a mode. I only thought to make,

I knew not what. Nor did I undertake
Merely to please my neighbors; no, not I.
I did it mine own self to gratify."

It is really the story of his own life in the form of allegory. But it is more than that—it is the story of the struggles of every soul who is on his way to heaven.

Nobody saw any part of the book until it was completed. Then Bunyan began to pass it around to his friends in manuscript form. Some were well pleased with it, and thought it a wonderful book; others were thoroughly scandalized. As Lord Macauley says, some thought "it was a vain story, a mere romance, about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits at Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the Court: but did it become a minister of the gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world?"

The first edition was published quietly in 1678. It did not enjoy a very big circulation at first. Another edition appeared in that year. In 1679 there came the third edition with additions, and people everywhere clamored for it. It was reprinted six times in the four following years.



IT WAS THERE HE WROTE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

An interesting story is told us concerning the finding of a copy of the first edition.

In the year 1922 an English barber, who was a life-long resident of Derby, took down an ancient volume from his few shelves in the shop, on which he kept a few books which he would glance at in the interval between customers. On this occasion his wife was ill, and the barber had brought her a little reading-light from the front-room. When the doctor arrived he found his patient puzzling over some of the antiques in this copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, for such the book was which the barber had taken down from his shelves and brought to his wife. The woman seemed to be taking much comfort from the book, and the doctor thought he would speak a few words about it, in order to get her mind off her troubles. Immediately his bedside manner deserted him. He was certain that there was something unusual about this book. It ought to be shipped to Sotheby's, he said—they'd know if it was worth anything, and he was sure it was.

Sotheby's replied that the book was worth at least $4,500, and they would be glad to dispose of it at auction. They found that it was a copy of the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which the world had been searching for these many centuries. Dr. Rosenbach bought the book for some $12,500.

THE

Pilgrim's Progreſs

FROM

THIS WORLD,

TO

That which is to come:

Delivered under the Similitude of a

DREAM

Wherein is Diſcovered,

The manner of his ſetting out,

His Dangerous Journey; And ſafe Arrival at the Deſired Countrey.

I have uſed Similitudes, Hoſ. 12. 10.

By *John Bunyan.*

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock* in the *Poultrey* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," 1678

It was not a perfect copy, or it would have brought $50,000.

Artists and engravers began very early to make pictures for *Pilgrim's Progress.* These especially delighted the children. The little folks loved to look upon such pictures as the great fight with Apollyon; in the Castle of Giant Despair; going up the Hill Difficulty where the lions were, etc.

It is said that even in the early days of America the book was more popular in these colonies and in Scotland than it was in England itself. Over the sea in Holland the Dutch people began to read the great dream, and across the English Channel in France the Huguenots were comforted by the victories and onward progress of Christian.

Now that he was becoming popular, rogues tried to counterfeit Bunyan's book, and there was much trash peddled around under Bunyan's name. There were some who went so far as to say that *Pilgrim's Progress* was not Bunyan's book, for it was impossible for a poor tinker to write such a book.

Bunyan paid little attention to this trash and scandal. He went steadily on, after seeing the great possibilities in his book, and produced the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress* in 1684, followed soon after by the *Holy War*, another great allegory,

which if it were not for *Pilgrim's Progress* would be the greatest allegory in existence.

In *Pilgrim's Progress* where Bunyan describes the house of the Interpreter, he speaks of Interpreter as showing him a "picture of a very grave person hanging up against the wall," that would have been befitting to himself. "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in its hand, the law of truth was written upon its lips, the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head."

He drew much of his imagery from the Bible. J. R. Green says of him: "Bunyan's English is the simplest and homeliest English that has ever been used by any great English writer, but it is the English of the Bible. His images are the images of prophet and evangelist. So completely had the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He had lived in the Bible till its words became his own."

We have already called attention to the fact that Bunyan used as his characters in his *Pilgrim's Progress* many of the people with whom he came in contact in his every-day life. Many of the situations given were no doubt experienced by him. He could have given the real names of the persons. But so universal is the scope of *Pilgrim's Progress*

that we also could name persons that his characters fit exactly. There is Pliable—we have met him often—a fellow who just goes along with the crowd, with no will of his own.

There is Mr. Worldlywiseman, full of his pride and conceit, who "knoweth only the doctrine of this world (therefore he always goes to the town of Morality to church)." Who is not acquainted with Hypocrisy, who joined Formalist and said, "We were born in the land of Vainglory, and are going, for praise, to Mount Zion"?

All of us have met Talkative, whom Christian said is the son of one Saywell. "He dwelt in Prating-Row; and he is known to all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative of Prating-Row; and, notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a miserable fellow. . . . Religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith."

Bunyan was a master at apt character portrayal. There seems to be no end to his inventiveness in getting the right names for his characters. Here are Mr. Moneylove, Mr. Saveall, and Mr. Byends, of whom Bunyan says, "When children they were school-fellows, and were taught by one Mr. Gripeman, a schoolmaster in Lovegain, which is a market

town in the country of Coveting, in the North."

The Slough of Despond; By-Path Meadow, with its stile and footpath; the high wall by the wayside; the cool spring at the bottom of the Hill Difficulty—these were taken from the landscape around Bedford and Elstow, with which John Bunyan was familiar from his childhood.

The way to Zion as portrayed in this work is familiar to every Christian who has traveled it long. The Slough of Despond is a good representation of the sinner under conviction and in danger of being lost in despair. The Wicket Gate is the entrance to the highway of holiness. The Wayside Cross is plain to all—the place where Christian lost his sins and received a change of raiment. The bitter trials are well represented by the Hill Difficulty. What faithful witnessing Christian has not gone through the Valley of Humiliation where he had his desperate fight with Apollyon? Many have traveled through the Valley of the Shadow of Death even as Bunyan did in his troubled career. And some have fought Giant Pagan or Giant Pope.

Many of us have been shut up in the Castle of Giant Despair—Doubting Castle—and have been released with the help of the Key of Promise.

There are delightful places in the Christian journey heavenward, as represented by such figures as

the Palace Beautiful; the Delectable Mountains in Emmanuel's land; and the Land of Beulah.

Some of us have taken a trip through Vanity Fair. It is thought that Bunyan drew this picture of Vanity Fair from his seeing the great yearly fair held at Stowbridge near Cambridge in his tinker days, with its "shows, jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind."

To quote again from Lord Macauley, "Other allegorists have shown great ingenuity, but no other allegorist has ever been able to touch the heart, and to make its abstractions objects of terror, of pity, and of love."

There is no sectarian narrowness about the *Pilgrim's Progress*, altho Bunyan was a rigid Puritan. He has made this book as wide as Christianity itself.

The second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, altho it is a very valuable work, is not nearly so good as the first. In fact, some have called it a "feeble reverberation of the first." In the second part Bunyan says:

"Go now my little book to every place
Where my first Pilgrim has but shown his face.
Call at their door; if any say 'Who's there?'
Then answer thus, 'Christiana is here.'

If they bid thee come in, then enter thou
With all thy boys. And then, as thou know'st how
Tell who they art, also from whence they came;
Perhaps they'll know them by their looks or name."

It is the story of Christiana, Christian's wife, and her boys, on the way to the Celestial City. There are some strong characters in this second part. Here is Old Honesty, who it is said, altho he came from the town of Stupidity, four degrees beyond the city of Destruction, was "known for a cock of the right kind," because he said the truth and stuck to it, and Mr. Fearing, who stumbled at every straw, shook and trembled before the Wicket Gate, and barely got through at last.

In this part of *Pilgrim's Progress* are to be found Mr. Readytohalt—hobbling along on his crutches; and Giant Despair's prisoners, Mr. Despondency, whom he almost strangled to death, and Mistress Muchafraid, daughter of Mr. Despondency, who choked up so much in going over the river that no one could tell what she was singing.

In the last great day when the crowns are placed upon the brows of the faithful, Bunyan's will glitter with priceless diadems and he shall have a place forever in that realm which he saw in his dream—"the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold: and in them walked many men,

with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

"There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord. And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

Chapter XI

LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. BADMAN

Mr. Offor collected the works of Bunyan and found that they filled three great quarto volumes (measuring about 9½ x 12 inches), each of 800 double-column pages in small type. When we consider that these were written by a man who never had the opportunity to go through an extensive literary course, it is nothing short of marvelous, and the character of his work reflects credit to the author. He never tried to write for effect; there is a humanness about his writing that goes straight to the heart.

It could be said of Bunyan, as the apostle Paul said concerning himself, his "speech and preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and in power."

Very few have read or even know about a book that might be called the antithesis of *Pilgrim's Progress*—the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman.* It never gained the popularity of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, but it deserves special mention here, as it is a work of genius which Lord Macaulay says would have been the best book of

its kind in the world if *Pilgrim's Progress* had not existed.

The *Life and Death of Mr. Badman* contains a picture of the rough English life of the days of Charles II. It describes the career of a bad, ungodly fellow, in the form of a dialog between Mr. Wiseman and Mr. Attentive. Mr. Wiseman tells the story, and Mr. Attentive comments upon it.

This great allegory was first published in 1680, and might be called the biography of a sinner. We sometimes think the world is getting worse. Perhaps in some ways it is. But in the committing of brutal crime, the days of Bunyan were dark and bloody days. In the shadows of the dim lamps of the ill-lighted alleys of London stalked vice, rapine, and murder. Bands of robbers prowled through the streets and lay in wait for the innocent traveler. Nearly everybody went about well armed. Some two hundred crimes were punishable by death. Executions took place publicly. But right in the shadow of the gallows, pickpockets boldly operated.

Men were inhuman to other men. Robbers would horribly mutilate their victims. Little children were bound out as apprentices to greedy men who cared little for these children aside from the work they could get out of them. Whole families were allowed to starve to death right in the great cities, the neigh-

bors with plenty thinking little about the terrible suffering and unfortunate condition of those who lived near them. Those were days when bad men were not scarce. Bunyan had plenty of sources from which to get his material for the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman.*

These gross evils weighed heavily upon the soul of Bunyan. He longed to write something that would be the means of damming up this mighty flood of sin. In considering the *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, he says: "In and by this outcry I shall deliver myself from the ruins of them that perish: for a man can do no more in this matter—I mean a man in my capacity—than to detect and condemn the wickedness, warn the evil-doer of the judgment, and fly therefrom myself."

Badman was, as his name applies, a character sold out to the devil, to live and die for him. He seemed so natural that Bunyan must have written up the real life story of one of his Bedford neighbors. Badman was a great liar. He was so "addicted to lying that his parents could not distinguish when he was speaking the truth. He would invent, tell, and stand to the lies which he invented, with such an audacious face, that one might read in his very countenance the symptoms of a hard and desperate heart. It was not the fault of his parents;

they were much dejected at the beginnings of their son, nor did he want counsel and correction, if that would have made him better: but all availed nothing."

He was a thief as well as a liar. He would go over the fences and climb the trees and rob his neighbors' orchards. He would pick up money and property of others when he would find it lying about. "Reading Scriptures, godly conferences, repeating of sermons and prayers were things that he could not away with." He did not like Sunday. "He was an enemy to that day because more restraint was laid upon him from his own ways than was possible on any other."

No one could beat him swearing. Said Mr. Wiseman, "He made no more of it than of telling his fingers." He counted it a glory to swear and curse, and it was as natural to him as to eat, drink, or sleep.

Some stories of those who were condemned for swearing impressed Bunyan. A story current in those days was of one Dorothy Mately, who washed rubbish at the Derby Lead Mines. A boy who worked there accused Dorothy of stealing some money from his coat which was hanging near where she worked. She denied it, and swore that if she were the guilty party, she wished the ground might

swallow her up. She was standing on a bank. Some children near by hallooed to her to watch out—but it was too late. The bank gave in and down she went with it. The dirt fell in all around her, a great stone toppled over upon her head, rubbish followed, and the folks around were not able to dig her out alive. When they took out her corpse they found the coin in her pocket. The whole countryside declared that this was a judgment upon this young woman for her rash and impious swearing.

Badman was hired as an apprentice. His master was good to him, and gave him high-class books to read, and did not work him too hard, but saw that he had plenty of time to read and pray. But Badman did not like the good books; he preferred wicked books, and sought out evil companions. He would go to church, but take a good nap there, or spend his time winking at the pretty girls. He would get drunk and steal his master's money to buy ale.

Three times he ran away, and the third time his master let him go. At last he was apprenticed to another master, just as bad as Badman. This master gave him little to eat, worked him hard, and beat him unmercifully when he stole or neglected his business. Badman consoled himself with the

thought that "at least there was no godliness in the house, which he hated worst of all."

When Badman reached the end of his apprenticeship, his father gave him some money and set him up in business, but Badman continued his wicked life, and got so in debt that he was threatened to be thrown in prison, for in those days men were imprisoned for debt.

The thought that he was going to ruin sobered him some. What would he do? He decided that the best thing he could do was to turn religious and marry a rich Christian girl. An orphan girl lived in the neighborhood who answered this description. Badman went to church, entered into the song service heartily, learned the correct doctrine, and pretended to be soundly converted. He told the lady he did not want her money, but just wanted a good companion who would go along with him to heaven.

The congregation warned this young woman about Badman, but like a good many other young people, she had set her head, and nothing was going to change her. Was not Badman good-looking and prosperous, and tho he had been a very bad fellow, was he not now reformed and living a godly life?

Bitter was the awakening of this young woman. She soon found out that all that Badman wanted was her money. He swore at her constantly, treated

her brutally, brought evil companions into the house, laughed at her religion, and commanded her to give it up, or he would inform the authorities about her minister and have him jailed.

There were many stories circulating about the country concerning "informers" with which Bunyan was acquainted. One was:

"In Bedford there was one W. S., a man of very wicked life, and he, when there seemed to be countenance given to it, would needs turn informer. Well, so he did, and was as diligent in his business as most of them could be. He would watch at nights, climb trees and range the woods of days, if possible to find out the meeters, for then they were forced to meet in the fields. Yea, he would curse them bitterly, and swore most fearfully what he would do to them when he found them. Well, after he had gone on like a Bedlam in his course a while, and had done some mischief to the people, he was stricken by the hand of God. He was taken with a faltering in his speech, a weakness in the back sinews of his neck, that ofttimes he held up his head by strength of hand. After this his speech went quite away, and he could speak no more than a swine or a bear. Like one of them he would gruntle and make an ugly noise, according as he was offended or pleased, or would have anything done.

He walked about till God had made a sufficient spectacle of his judgments for his sin, and then, on a sudden, he was stricken, and died miserably."

Badman grew prosperous. He became a free-thinker religiously. He got to be a master at the art of being two-faced. He said: "I am religious and irreligious, I can be anything or nothing. I can swear and speak against swearing. I can lie and speak against lying. I can drink, wench, be unclean, and defraud, and not be troubled for it. I can enjoy myself and am master of my own ways, not they of me. This I have attained with much study, care, and pains."

But Badman got to speculating and he found he was going to the wall. So he decided to go bankrupt. He put up a pitiful tale to the folks to whom he owed money—he had such high taxes, a big family (he had seven children), and other such hard luck stories that he got his creditors to release him by his just paying a small part of his debts to each.

He did this three times. Bunyan says concerning such actions: "A professor, and practise such villanies as these! Such an one is not worthy the name. Go professors, go—leave off profession unless you will lead your lives according to your profession. Better never profess than make profession a

stalking horse to sin, deceit, the devil, and hell."

Badman had two sets of weights and measures—one with which he bought, and one with which he sold. He practised how to change them quickly. He collected bills twice, and did other things equally as abominable.

Some of his business dealings are practised considerably in business today, and this good advice of Bunyan's might be followed out by some of our modern business men: "Hurt not thy neighbor by crying out, Scarcity, scarcity! beyond the truth of things. Especially take heed of doing this by way of a prognostic for time to come. This wicked thing may be done by hoarding up (food) when the hunger and necessity of the poor calls for it. If things rise do thou be grieved. Be also moderate in all thy sellings, and be sure let the poor have a penny-worth, and sell thy corn to those who are in necessity; which thou wilt do when thou showest mercy to the poor in thy selling to him, and when thou undersellest the market for his sake because he is poor. This is to buy and sell with a good conscience. The buyer thou wrongest not, thy conscience thou wrongest not, thyself thou wrongest not, for God will surely recompense with thee."

Badman became quite a figure in the community. He was looked up to and respected. He got to be

a politician. He laughed at the judgment to come as an "old woman's fable."

But one day when he was riding home drunk, Badman fell off his horse and broke his leg. Says Mr. Wiseman concerning this, "You would not think how he swore at first. Then coming to himself, and finding he was badly hurt, he cried out, after the manner of such, Lord help me; Lord have mercy on me; good God deliver me, and the like. He was picked up and taken home, where he lay some time. In his pain he called on God, but whether it was that his sin might be pardoned and his soul saved, or whether to be rid of his pain, I could not determine."

Badman thought he was dying. But he got well, and went back to his gross sins. His poor wife died and he married again to a woman as bad as himself. She led him a merry chase for sixteen years, and "sinned all his wealth away." At last the end came —a complication of diseases—gout, dropsy, and consumption. Here is Mr. Wiseman's story of Mr. Badman's death:

"As his life was full of sin, so his death was without repentance. He had not, in all the time of his sickness, a sight and a sense of his sins; but was as much at quiet as if he had never sinned in his life: he was as secure as if he had been sinless as an

angel. When he drew near his end, there was no more alteration in him than what was made by his disease upon his body. He was the selfsame Mr. Badman still, not only in name, but in condition, and that to the very day of his death and the moment in which he died. There seemed not to be in it to the standers by so much as a strong struggle of nature. He died like a lamb, or, as men call it, like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear."

Bunyan closes with these words: "But I say there is no surer sign of a man's damnation than to die quietly after a sinful life, than to sin and die with a heart that cannot repent. The opinion, therefore, of the common people of this kind of death is frivolous and vain."

Chapter XII

BUNYAN'S "HOLY WAR"

In introducing this work Bunyan has a short prefatory poem. Two verses of it tell us what the book is about:

"I have something else to do
Than write vain stories thus to trouble you.
What here I say some men do know too well:
They can with tears and joy the story tell.
The town of Mansoul is well known to many,
Nor are her troubles doubted of by any
That are acquainted with those histories
That Mansoul and her wars anatomize.

"Then lend thine ears to what I do relate
Touching the town of Mansoul and her state,
How she was lost, took captive, made a slave,
And how against Him set that should her save,
Yea, how by hostile ways she did oppose
Her Lord and with his enemy did close.
For they are true; he that will them deny
Must needs the best of records vilify."

This work was first published in 1682. It is an allegory on the "plan of salvation," as well as the spiritual experiences of a Christian. In it Bunyan attempted a tremendous task.

Mansoul was a town in the country of Universe.

It was built by Shaddai (God). It was defended by five gates—Eargate, Eyegate, Mouthgate, Nosegate, and Feelgate. In the midst of the town was a strong palace (representing the heart). Mansoul was inhabited by good and true men, and had the most perfect code of laws in all the world.

A giant named Diabolus was once a prince in Shaddai's court. He grew envious of Shaddai and he and a vast number of his friends rebelled. They were bound in chains and cast into a pit, but got loose sufficiently to roam the Universe and find Mansoul.

Diabolus and his black angels knew well enough that they could not get into Mansoul without the consent of the inhabitants. A council of war was held in the camp of Diabolus. They decided to have their leader take upon himself the form of a snake or dragon, and go to Mansoul and betray it (for the serpent was looked upon with favor in those days by the innocent inhabitants of Mansoul).

Diabolus followed out the plot. He attempted to force an entrance at Eargate. He and his imps reasoned with the men in Mansoul that they should eat the fruit of a tree that would make them wise. Captain Resistance was shot and fell down dead. Ill Pause stepped forward and gave a short oration, whereupon Lord Innocency had a heart attack

caused by the stinking breath of this demon and he also fell dead.

The inhabitants of Mansoul ate the fruit, got drunk from the effects of it, opened the gates to Diabolus and his ungodly companions, and bade them welcome into the castle.

The new ruler made a large number of changes. He deposed the mayor, Lord Understanding, and put in his place Lord Lustings. He removed the recorder, Mr. Conscience, from his office, and put Mr. Forget Good in his place. New burgesses and aldermen were brought in, among whom were Mr. Incredulity and Mr. Atheism.

Shaddai heard about these things and he sent his captains, Boanerges, Conviction, Judgment, and Execution, to deliver Mansoul from Diabolus. They began the siege. Three fortresses had been built by Diabolus—the Hold of Defiance at Eye-gate, Midnight Hold, next to the castle; and Sweet Sin Hold in the market place. All attempts possible were made to defend Mansoul.

All would probably have gone well with Diabolus had not My Lord Understanding and Mr. Conscience "set the town in a hubbub." They said Incredulity and Prince Diabolus were not natives of Mansoul, and the rebellion they raised was put down only with bloodshed.

The captains attempted to make an inroad to Mansoul, but were unsuccessful. They sent a message to Shaddai and asked for help. Emmanuel himself took command. He started out with his captains—Credence, and Goodhope, Charity, and Innocence, and Patience. Emmanuel had forty-four battering-rams, and twenty-two golden slings (the sixty-six books of the Bible). After some unsuccessful attempts at a compromise on the part of Mr. Loth to Stoop and Diabolus, Emmanuel began the siege anew. Captain Conviction received three wounds in the mouth, but the shots from the golden slings mowed down whole ranks of Diabolians. Old Diabolus tried to parley, but Emmanuel hurled back the retort at him, "I will govern Mansoul by new laws, new officers, new motives, and new ways. I will pull down the town and build it again, and it shall be as tho it had not been, and it shall be the glory of the whole universe." Then the fight was renewed. Eargate gave way before the arm of Emmanuel. The Castle gate was smashed to smithereens. Emmanuel captured Diabolus and chained him to his chariot wheel; then turned him out "to inhabit the parched places in a salt land, seeking rest, but finding none."

Mourning was the order of the day in Mansoul. My Lord Understanding, Conscience, and My

Lord Will be Will looked for death at the hands of the executioner. They were summoned into the camp of Emmanuel with fetters upon them, and ropes about their necks. They said that they were only worthy of "death and the deep" for their willingness to be corrupted by Diabolus.

Just when these prisoners were expecting the death-sentence to be passed, what was their surprize to hear strains of the most melodious music flowing in the upper air. Looking toward the Prince, they beheld him take the rope from their necks, loose them from their fetters, present them with precious gems, and put a golden chain about their necks, meanwhile forgiving their trespasses.

Marvelous was the effect. Lord Will be Will fainted. When he came to, the Prince embraced him and kissed him. Bells rang and bonfires blazed. There was a glorious celebration. Mansoul implored Emmanuel to be their king for all time. The Prince entered the town in triumph, order was again restored, and the right officers put into their places.

The old officers of Diabolus were tried—Mr. Atheism, Mr. Pitiless, and old Mr. Incredulity. Some of them denied their names, but they could not get by. Mr. False Peace swore his name was not False Peace, but just Peace. Mr. Pitiless said

his name was Mr. Cheerup. Forget Good pleaded old age and craziness.

The verdict for everyone of these fellows was "Guilty." The jury turned in a unanimous verdict. The criminals were sentenced to execution the next day, but in the night old Mr. Incredulity escaped and went out ranging through the dry places, where he joined Diabolus near Hell Gate. All but Incredulity were crucified by the inhabitants of Mansoul the next day.

The Lord Chief Secretary (the Holy Ghost) was now to remain in Mansoul and a new constitution was made out. Mr. Conscience was promoted to the place of Subordinate Preacher. Mansoul was warned to hunt out all the Diabolian "skulkers" and put them to death. Emmanuel took up his abode in the Castle.

Now it would seem that this would be the end of the troubles of Mansoul. But not so. There was a half-breed Diabolian still left in the town by the name of Carnal Security. He became quite a personage in Mansoul. Emmanuel had withdrawn awhile, and now he sent the Lord High Secretary (the Holy Ghost) twice to learn what was the trouble, for trouble was certainly brewing. The Lord High Secretary found the Recorder and Lord Will be Will in Carnal Security's parlor.

Mr. Godly Fear sounded out an alarm and the house of Carnal Security was burned to the ground.

Things went from bad to worse. The Lusts of the Flesh had a meeting with Mr. Mischief, and they invited Diabolus to return. Diabolus made a great oration. He said in his address to his comrades, "Nor need you fear, that if ever we get Mansoul again, we after that shall be cast out any more. It is the law of that Prince that now they own, that if we get them a second time they shall be ours forever."

A clever plot was laid. Three devils disguised themselves by dressing in sheep's russet as white as the robes of Emmanuel, and hired themselves out in Mansoul as servants. Old Lord Covetousness called himself Prudent Thrifty. These devils succeeded in getting into the homes of Mr. Mind, Mr. Godly Fear, and Lord Will be Will. Godly Fear found out what kind of a being he had taken in; so he turned the devil out. The other two rascals held their posts.

Diabolus raised an army of between 20,000 and 30,000 Doubters, and they were to make the assaults on market day. In this great army were Vocation Doubters, Grace Doubters, and several other kinds of Doubters. Apollyon advised Diabolus not to be in a hurry. He said, "Let our friends

draw Mansoul more and more into sin—there is nothing like sin to devour man." But Diabolus got in a hurry. The townspeople heard of what was up, however. Mr. Prywell overheard some Diabolians talking on Vile Hill and he carried the information to the Lord Mayor. There was a great Diabolian hunt in Mansoul, and every Diabolian who could be found was killed.

There followed a mighty battle in which, after repeated attempts, Diabolus gained access to Mansoul. The town "became a den of dragons, an emblem of Hell, a place of total darkness." Doubters filled the town.

Mansoul petitioned Emmanuel, and he appeared with his army. Diabolus was defeated and again routed, but he rallied and came to the attack with the army of fugitive doubters and a new set of men called Bloodmen who had as their chief "Captain Pope," whose escutcheon was "the stake, the flame, and good men in it." But this army was routed at the first onset. The soldiers were too chicken-hearted to fight.

The *Holy War* ends with a great oration to the inhabitants of Mansoul given in the market place by Prince Emmanuel. It concludes with these words:

"Remember, therefore, O my Mansoul, that thou art beloved of me: as I have, therefore, taught thee

to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes: so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee. O my Mansoul, how have I set my heart, my love upon thee! Watch. Behold I lay none other burden upon thee, than what thou hast already. Hold fast, till I come."

Chapter XIII

THE END OF THE WAY

From the meager accounts which we have of the last sixteen years of Bunyan's life, we are led to believe that altho after the six months' imprisonment in which he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* he was often watched by his enemies, and persecuted betimes, in the main he lived a peaceful life. Doe says, "It pleased the Lord to preserve him out of the hands of his enemies, in the severe persecution at the latter end of King Charles II's reign, tho they often searched and laid in wait for him and sometimes narrowly missed him."

In 1683 Bunyan's neighbor, Lord William Russell, was executed. The chopping-block was getting perilously near to Bunyan. Tradition tells us that about this time when he visited Reading to preach he disguised himself in a smock frock, and carried a long whip in his hand so as to look like a wagoner. There is a place near Hitchin called Bunyan's Dell, where Bunyan and his followers had to hold their meetings secretly, and place scouts on the lookout as they worshiped.

But the darkest and most dangerous hour for

Bunyan was undoubtedly in 1685, when Charles was succeeded on the throne by the Duke of York, known as James II. James leaned strongly toward Rome. Says Lord Macaulay in his History of England concerning this period: "Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time. . . . It was impossible for the sectaries to pray together with precautions such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meetings were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day and sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock gathered together sentinels were posted to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. The minister in disguise was introduced through the garden and the back yard. In some houses there were trap-doors through which in case of danger he might descend. Where Noncomformists lived next door to each other, the walls were often broken open, and secret passages were made from dwelling to dwelling. No psalm was sung; and many contrivances were used to prevent the voice of the preacher, in his moments of fervor, from being heard beyond the walls. Yet with all this care it was often found impossible to elude the vigilance of informers. In the suburbs of London

especially, the law was enforced with the utmost rigor. Several opulent gentlemen were accused of holding conventicles. Their houses were strictly searched, and distresses were levied to the amount of many thousands of pounds."

But through it all, Bunyan was unmolested so far as we are able to discover, altho many other eminent Dissenters were made to suffer. Richard Baxter was sent to prison in the early part of 1685 after having been sentenced by Jeffreys, who "swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the city." Howe was exiled; Henry was arrested; and Kiffin's grandsons were actually hanged.

At this time Bunyan published a tract which he entitled "Seasonable Counsel, or Advice to Sufferers." He warned all against foolhardiness. He said, "Suffering for a truth ought to be cautiously took in hand, and warily performed." But he also said, "Necessity gave David a call. Is there not a cause, saith he, lies bleeding upon the ground, and no man of heart or spirit to put a check to the bold blasphemer? I will go fight with him; I will put my life in my hand; if I die, I die."

They tried to get Bunyan into politics. King James tried the same trick that Charles II tried—after the first persecution a Declaration of Indul-

gences was made, and he courted the favor of Dissenters. Bunyan was offered a bribe, but he declined even to see the government agent who brought it to him.

Bunyan's blind child had died while he was in prison. All his other children (five in number) were doing well. His faithful wife still continued with him.

Early in 1688 his *Jerusalem Sinner Saved, or A Hope to Despairing Souls*, came from the press. Between March and August of that year four other books followed it. But while in the midst of this most active career the death-angel came, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "It is enough, come home."

He was riding from Reading to London on horseback when he was overtaken by a heavy rain, and wet through. He managed to reach the home of John Strudwick on Snow Hill, a friend with whom he was stay.

This trip was undertaken by him in behalf of a father and son who needed reconciling. The father had threatened to disinherit the son. The mission had been accomplished. The father's heart was softened insomuch that he yearned over his son. But the journey was undertaken at the cost of Bunyan's life.

HE MET HIS DEATH BECAUSE OF A HEAVY RAIN WHILE ON A MISSION

John Bunyan died on the thirty-first day of August, 1688, being sixty years of age. His last words were, "Take me, for I come to thee." He was buried in Bunhill Fields in a vault belonging to Strudwick, just across the street from the church where John Wesley preached, the manse in which Wesley lived, and the churchyard where rests his body. A monument has been erected to Bunyan's memory there, on one side of which is a representation of Christian, borne down under his heavy load of sin. On the other side of the monument, Christian has reached the Cross, and the burden has rolled away.

England has a Bunyan window at Westminster Abbey, right near the entrance. The British Museum has honored our hero by placing a copy of the first edition of *Pilgrim's Progress* in a glass case labeled "England's Great Books." Since that first edition to date this immortal work by this immortal dreamer has been translated into 122 languages and dialects, more than any other book outside the Bible.

Right up to the time of his death Bunyan was active in the cause of the Master. He was at that time watching his sixth book come from the press—*The Acceptable Sacrifice*, which was published soon after his death. When his friends examined the con-

tents of his files, they found fourteen unpublished manuscripts, all of fair-sized books. Ten of them were later published by Charles Doe. We can do no better than to close this biography with excerpts from the writings of this eminent, but humble and far-visioned tinker-preacher of Elstow in which he shows his broad comprehension of the scope of Christian brotherhood. We also quote a few remarks from friends that indicate the breadth of his Christian charity.

Bunyan wrote: "I would be, as I hope I am, a Christian. But for those factious titles of Anabaptist, Independent, Presbyterian, and the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor from Antioch, but from Hell or from Babylon." "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation. Consider that the holy God is your Father, and let this oblige you to live like the children of God, that you may look your Father in the face with comfort another day."

An early biographer wrote of Bunyan, "He was a true lover of all that love our Lord Jesus, and did often bewail the different and distinguishing appellations that are among the godly, saying he did believe a time would come when they should be all buried."

In his last sermon are these remarkable words: "If you are the children of God live together lov-

ingly. If the world quarrel with you it is no matter; but it is sad if you quarrel together. If this be among you it is a sign of ill-breeding. Dost thou see a soul that has the image of God in him? Love him, love him. Say, 'This man and I must go to heaven one day.' Serve one another. Do good for one another. If any wrong you pray to God to right you, and love the brotherhood."

We can most assuredly agree with Dean Stanley when he says that the tinker of Elstow "has become the teacher, not of any particular sect, but of the universal church."

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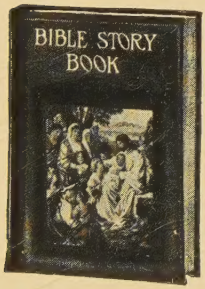

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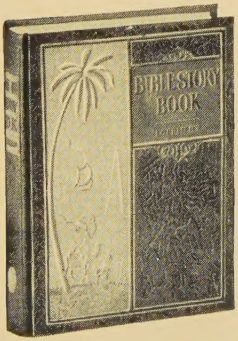

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